

DISCORDER

August 2003 Free

That Transitional magazine from CTR 101.9 FM

Spoon
Boy
The Appleseed Cast
Nasty On Tour Diary
The Art of Sean Maxey

The Animal Collective



DISCORDER

ISSUE 243 • AUGUST • THAT IN-FLUX MAG FROM CTR 101.9



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Cover

Sean Maxey designed the cover. I interviewed him and we hit it off. He offered to help and I said yes. I didn't realise it would be so good. Much credit must also go to Hana MacDonald who took the wonderful photo which was his starting point. They are both stars.



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SONAR

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events at a glance:

BUTTERFINGER BMX MOVIE TOUR 2003 (Early Show) - FRI AUG 1

'REINCARNATION VIDEO PREMIERE' :: 2 SHOWS :: ALL AGES (5PM - 7PM) :: 19+ (9PM - 4AM) :: Presented by RIDE BMX & TRANSWORLD BMX featuring pro riders: Mike Ardelean, Edwin DelaRosa, Adam Banton, Ryan 'Biz' Jordan, Ryan Nyquist, Bob Sierbo, Ryan Sher. LIVE PERFORMANCE by CRASH RADIO (LA). Plus legendary residents: VINYL RITCHIE & DJ CZECH
\$10 Advance tickets on sale at www.bmxonline.com/bmx/butterfingertour

TECHNO SHOWCASE 3 - THURSDAY AUG 7 (9:30PM - 2AM)

PH1.CA presents another session. This edition featuring: DERRICK WILSON (a.k.a. SUNNY D) - Acid/Banging, RC LAIR - Techno, REV - Progressive / Tekfunk, GLYN - Deep grooves/Glitch
Doors 9:30pm / Cover \$5 www.PH1.CA for more info

DONALD LAUDE (Moonshine, WA) @ VIVID SESSIONS - FRI AUG 8 (1AM - 4AM)

Pacific Realm, Intimate & PH1.CA presents DONALD LAUDE (MOONSHINE - Seattle, WA) @ Vivid Sessions. The most exhilarating DJ in North America makes his return to Vancouver. What many people call the Carl Cox of North America is gonna rock it with his blend of banging house, funky grooves and breakbeats Vancouver's weekly exclusive late nite party. Residents Czech, Vinyl Ritchie, Kyle Nordman, and Rev. Main Room: House / Techno / Progressive.

LLORCA (F-Communications, FR) - SAT AUG 9 (11PM - 8AM)

It's been over half a year since the New-Corner graced the Sonar stage. With releases on F Communications and Brique Rouge among others, LUDOVIC LLORCA is in high demand with his special brand of soul-flavoured French house. Plus Large resident MARTIN RAMOND. Doors 11:00pm - 4:00am (please note late start time following fireworks) / Advance tickets \$10 or before midnight at the door / \$15 after "subject to capacity" / Tickets available at Active Pass, Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu Futuristic Flavour, On Deck & Sonar.

SILVER BULLET SESSIONS - WED AUG 13 (9PM - 2AM)

30 hot nightclub events happening all summer - All leading up to the grand finale Silver fest. in August at the Plaza of Nations (5,000 people expected at Silver fest.). Be sure to make it out to the Silver Bullet Sessions to pick up giveaways from Coors Light, and to win free Coors products all night!
Doors 9pm / Cover

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST - THR AUG 14

Coast 2 Coast Entertainers proudly presents Survival Of The Fittest. Featuring: Crooked Crew (Hip Hop) Zukie Joseph (Reggae), Motee (Hip Hop), Reverse priorities (Hip Hop) With D's: Trizzak MV & Rext (From The Dream Team) Prices to win all night!!!!!!
Show starts @ 10:00 PM

MEA (Female singer and DJ- Los Angeles) - THR AUG 15

Quickly becoming the hottest commodity on the west-coast with her sultry vocals and superior DJ'ing. Experiencing the legends of Chicago on a weekly basis, Mea's sound has become a tough progressive sound with breaks. www.djmea.com
\$8 advance

MARK FARINA (OM Records, SF) - SAT AUG 23 (10PM - 4AM)

MARK FARINA is back and makes his way to Sonar for another installment of funky dance floor good times. Come down early as Mark goes off for the first time till 4:00 am at Sonar. Plus Large residents LUKE MCKEEHAN and TODD OMOTANI. Doors 10:00pm - 4:00am / Advance tickets \$20 or before midnight / \$25 after "subject to capacity" / Tickets available at all ticketmaster outlets, including Western Washington. charge by phone 604.280.4444 or online at www.ticketmaster.ca also available at Active Pass, Bassix, Boomtown, Zulu, Futuristic Flavour, On Deck and Sonar.

IMPORTANT

Please remember to bring TWO PIECES OF ID. The club is required by law to ask anyone who appears to be under the age of 25 for two pieces of ID. The second piece must include your name with your photograph or signature.

NIGHTS

W E D	GRANDE - R&B / HIP HOP / REGGAE
T H R	WEEKLY ROTATION - SPECIAL EVENTS
F R I (late night)	DIRTY DEEDS - HIP HOP / ROCK / FUNK VIVID SESSIONS - HOUSE / TECHNO / PROGRESSIVE
S A T	LARGE - HOUSE
S U N	NUMMY - REGGAE / HIP HOP

for more info on these shows and our complete calendar log onto

www.sonar.bc.ca

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DEADLINES: Copy deadline for the September issue is August 8th. Ad space is available until August 22nd and can be booked by calling Steve at 604.822.3017 ext. 3. Our rates are available upon request. DISCORDER is not responsible for loss, damage, or any other injury to unsolicited manuscripts, unsolicited artwork (including but not limited to drawings, photographs, and transparencies), or any other unsolicited material. Material can be submitted on disc or in type. As always, English is preferred. Send email to DISCORDER@discorderclub.ams.ubc.ca.

From UBC to Langley and Squamish to Bellingham, CTR can be heard at 101.9 FM as well as through all major cable systems in the Lower Mainland, except Shaw in White Rock. Call the CTR DJ line at 822.2487, our office at 822.3017 ext. 1, or our news and sports lines at 822.3017 ext. 2. Fax us at 822.9344, e-mail us at: ctrmag@email.ams.ubc.ca. Visit our web site at www.ctr.ca or just pick up a goddamn pen and write #233-6138 SUB Blvd., Vancouver, BC, V6T 1Z1, CANADA.

a small introduction

covering fire

Don't get me wrong, there are lots of things that I don't like about this country—they're probably the same things you don't like about it. Come to think of it, they're exactly the same things that I don't like about where I come from; you know, lying politicians, barely visible social welfare initiatives, and the seemingly unstoppable march of Americanisation.

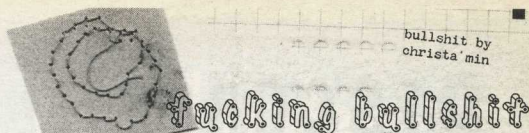
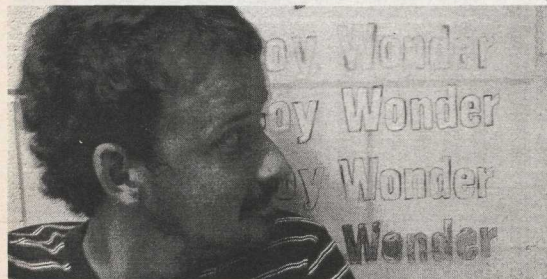
The one thing I do like, however—and I've an objective

opinion about this, remember—is this magazine, this radio station and, more generally, this town's fantastically rich cultural climate. You guys take it for granted sometimes, but you really shouldn't. I can honestly say that I've never known such an amazing concentration of talented people. This magazine and this radio station reflect this.

The one thing that I would have to criticise is the lack of help we here at DISORDER receive. No matter what you think, having

a magazine like this is really, really special. And to make this magazine we need help. And yes, YOU can help.

I put this photo in, not because I'm vain (well, maybe a little bit), but so if you see me around town and you wanna help, you can come up and talk to me. I'm a nice guy. Ask around. Or, if you want, you could come right up and see me at the office. Or call or email. Or whatever—telepathy maybe. I hear that sometimes works. *



bullshit by
christa min

fucking bullshit

Aright... alright. Everyone keeps nagging me for this list. Some of these guys are my friends, you know, so try not to be judgmental. Just remember that the size of the porker isn't that important. It's more about how good their band is. As you can see, the cock hasn't much to do with the rock.

Here it is, you nosey jerks. Just try not to spread it around. Don't ask me how I got it, but it's all true.

THE BIGGEST COCKS IN ROCK AND ROLL (From the greatest to the least.)

larger: Sooyoung Park (nine inches—SOFIT), Marc Ribot, Michael Dahlgren, Morrissey (plus or minus an inch and half standard deviation, i.e. the state of the curve), Michael Jackson, Don Henley, Dan Bejar (may or may not be confirmed), Chris Wilson, Tom Verlaine, Robert Gotobed. Pink (her dick is way bigger than you'd think), Dave Allen, Poncho Sampedro, Krist Novoselic, that guy from Bush, the drummer from the Gin Blossoms, and Mark Mothersbaugh (good enough to make the big list).

Regular: David Yow, Duane Denison, David Wm. Sims, Mac

McNeilly, Steve Albini, John Flansburgh, Henry Rollins (okay, irregular—more like a can of soup), Thom York, Yamatsuka Eye, Phil Collins, Dean Ween, Greg Sage, Jimmy Fleming, Dennis Fleming (Jimmy's has got a little more style, if you hear what I'm saying), John Zorn, Mark Eitzel, Lars Ulrich (believe it or not), Brian May, Sam Prekop.

D. Q-Tip—oh, wait, that's not off the rock and roll list—uh, Ian MacKaye, one of the guys that was in that one REM video, Mark Arm, KK Null, Glenn Branca, Robert Christgau, Bob Mould, David Thomas, Neil Hamburger, Bob Weston, Al Johnson, and Justin Timberlake.

Small: Lou Reed, Nick Cave, Mark E. Smith (sorry, buddy).

Everyone keeps nagging me for this list. Just remember that the size of the porker isn't that important. It's more about how good their band is.

Stephen Malkmus (if he can get it up), John Balance, Arto Lindsay, Sean Lennon, Pat Smear, Green Day's roadie (I forget his name), Nardwuar the Human Serviette, Rodney Graham, Meg White, Jack White, Dale Crover, Iggy Pop, Elvis Costello, Bryan Adams, Noel Gallagher, Johnny Marr, Roch Voisine, Ron Wood, Keith Richards, Bill Wyman, Charlie Watts, Mick Jagger (that's in order, remember), Jay-Z, Chuck

Gene Ween, Sting, all the girls in Interpol, all the dudes in Sleater-Kinney, Robert Pollard, Jon Spencer, Meltzow, Bill Callahan, Roger Waters, John Reis, Glen Danzig (surprise!), Cher (she just started to develop one), Dave Matthews, David Johansen, David Bowie, Britt Daniel, GG Allin (RIP), and Will O'Connell. Unfortunately, Willy doesn't have one at all. *



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as told by chris eng

the truth

All I want is what I like to believe most people want: the truth.

I like to believe that most people want that, but I'm not sure. Because, much like Fox Mulder, I know the truth is out there, but not enough people are looking for it—fucking hell, I'm not looking for it, I'm sitting here with a bemused expression on my face while Skye Sweetnam parades back and forth on my TV set followed by Big Brother 4 and sponsored by Pepsi, P.S. You deserve a break today, in a Ford fucking truck. You know—the best a man can get.

And as I was watching the idiot box tonight, singing along with "Pop Muzik" by M.I. I realized exactly how much shit was stored in my head, and exactly why I had been christened "Pop Culture Guy" by my friends. It's because I know all this stuff. ALL this stuff. And so what if I do?—it seems to be half of society's fondest wish to be able to amass as much crap trivia as it can safely (or unsafely) digest.

Yeah, it sure does—but then that half just likes to lean back and breathe deep and hard after sitting itself on a weekly (or nightly) feast of fear Factor and Everybody Loves Raymond, not

willing to dissect what it has just devoured and certainly not willing to stay up until 11 to watch the news and listen to the news and take apart systematically what they just saw on the news because they didn't—and couldn't—believe a fucking thing that was reported on the news. And to me that's shoddy living. Just to reinforce it one more time—I'm as guilty of it as anyone.

Three years ago, I was Mr. Rah-Rah-Canada. I didn't go so far as to get the flag tattooed on my ass, but I got Peter Puck tattooed on my shoulder [Hockey

I'm tired of allowing myself to believe that a Burger King commercial is more important than my soul

Night in Canada mascot in the '70s taught kids the rules of hockey—don't worry about it; there's no test on this part]. I didn't believe in the system, but I believed in the country, I scoured the news like a motherfucker, scrutinizing every word, cross-referencing stories, pulling apart capsule stories like the crew on CSI dig through human filth. I tried to get the word out about what I found. I tried to make a difference. Times being what they

were, my soapbox (or website, whichever term you prefer) failed and my voice faltered. I was still able to spout off in a magazine, but personal difficulties crept in and my energies were stolen and returned into effecting patchwork repairs on other aspects of my existence. The framework was left in place, but the actual structure was abandoned, and nobody even wanted to squat it.

Three years on and nothing much has changed. I'm still a dumping ground for pop culture's detritus, but my willingness or sense of obligation to search

lost as their clean-up crews can scrub the poison droplets from the ground, and maybe it's just that I'm tired of allowing myself to believe that a Burger King commercial is more important than my soul, especially when I'm in a position to do something about it.

And I can do something about it. I will tear apart their facades and burn them to the ground with the sheer intensity of my fury and indignation. I'll ferret out political travesties and bald-faced lie-mongering and shout it down from the rooftops.

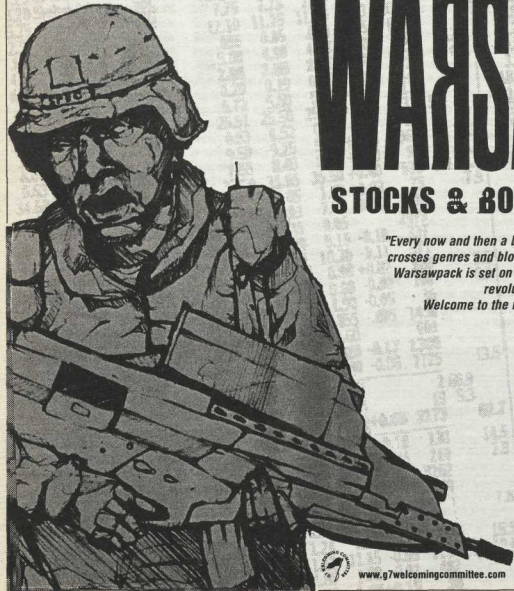
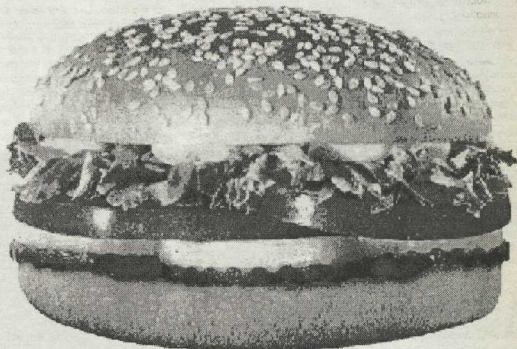
I'll kneel before their fat proffered American idols and golden calves, not in ardor or self-abasement, but because it gives me a better shot at their soft underbellies. I'll take whatever they can throw at me and toss it back twice as hard. I will use my knowledge of their sweetest offerings and cleverest tactics to dismantle the Monster from the ground up.

And maybe I'll only get as far as taking apart its thick, coarse, mud and manure-clotted back hoof before it raises a mighty leg and stomps down on

me, but it's that or trudge along dutifully behind it, being shat on and cradling its every smelly, festering shit like it was manna from the Blessed Madonna herself. Just like the rest of the herd.

Let me fill you in on something, though: that regulation issue shit-scooping shovel's got a pretty mean edge on it if you sharpen it up. And the Beast towering over us? Its gorged, bloated belly hanging down just over our heads? Well, that's just a big fucking phat.

Batter up. •



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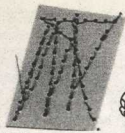


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Fish Is a Train of Glass
Tongue
Dancing on the Edge
July 11
Firehall Arts Centre

I'm glad I gave Tongue another chance. When the L.A. based company crashed the stage at Dancing on the Edge two years ago, everyone was duly flabbergasted by the dancers' athletic power and physical endurance—but it just wasn't the kind of movement-for-its-own sake that can drag my imagination and emotions into the ring. Evocation was strangled by spectacle and by later that evening, I'd forgotten all about it.

With *Fish Is a Train of Glass*, choreographer Stephanie Gilliland has proven that without altering one muscular syllable of her kinetic vocabulary, she can turn it into a vehicle for thoughts and images that stick to your ribs long after you've left the table.

Fish is described as a contemplation of "intimacy, survival, image and perception from shifting perspectives and points of view"—which, broadly speaking, pretty much sums up our concerns as we leap, plod, and shimmy through life in the world. The dance progressed in a series of vignettes; apparent non sequiturs, but all portraying some attempt at intimacy or connection. The message seemed to be that the former is unattainable for more than fleeting moments and that the latter is an illusion. Nothing tragic or maudlin here, though—just a kind of bittersweet exhilaration mixed with Buster Keaton sadness.

The dancers used each other like climbing frames in a crazy mélange of contact improvisation, gymnastics, and Capoeira, but everything poured so seamlessly into the avalanche of movement that technical references all but disappeared.

Even the quieter segments nooked you. In one of them, seven people entered in separate compartments of the same massive cope. Alone or in pairs, they gradually slipped out of it and exited, leaving it to hang like a useless burden on a lone performer. In another, a man stuck his head under a woman's dress as she lay on the floor and carefully crawled into the garment with her. The accordion music which accompanied their gentle comic duet put them on a boulevard in Paris. (OK, it helped that the woman was a ringer for Isabelle Huppert.)

Particularly impressive was the way Gilliland used video. Although she conceived, directed, and edited the segments using her own company as performers, they had the look of a '60s Euro-flick. When

dancers would stop, mid-thrust, to lie down facing the screen, we were watching the images with them: a couple on a bed; people running in stop-motion across a concrete expanse.

The piece roared to a close with a demented game of musical chairs in which the company vaulted, cartwheeled, and flipped into and out of the flimsy furniture with what should have been its last ounce of strength. Yet all this thoroughbred virtuosity didn't distance us from the performers. In an exaggerated way, they were showing us ourselves; reminding us that our bodies are the resilient but expendable containers for everything we go through—and when they're

like a mafia don.

Although the film opens with the cautionary quote, "He who seeks revenge must remember to dig two graves," it's hardly a morality tale about vengeance. What we get is a giddy study of the singled-minded passion which drives it—and, as the evening Vindici, Christopher Eccleston breaks his own record for manic intensity.

Cox keeps comedy, tragedy, and horror in nice proportion, often lifting off all three at once—as when Vindici has periodic chats with his beloved's skull. The man is in agony and the skull (still sporting long, Auburn tresses) is grotesque, but the scenes are hilarious. The Duke (Derek Jacobi



finished, all the other stuff [as we know it] is finished too. Hope I think of that the next time I look in a mirror.

The Revenger's Tragedy
Cinemuerle Film Festival
Saturday, July 12

Pacific Cinematheque
Something about England makes it the perfect fit for centuries-old stories that get partially buried into the present. Perhaps because of its enduring love of costumed excess and antique decadence, anachronism is never an issue. It's also a great setting for post-apocalyptic nightmares, and with *The Revenger's Tragedy*, director Alex Cox (of *Repo Man* and *Sid and Nancy*) gets to have it both ways.

A screen adaptation by Frank Cottrell Boyce relocates Thomas Middleton's 1607 play from Renaissance Italy to 2011 Liverpool, where streets appear deserted and flies buzz around the corpses of passengers in a wrecked bus. Into this wasteland wails Vindici, a former citizen with a Clint Eastwood-type score to settle. Years before, his new bride was murdered by a womanizing Duke who, along with a quintet of baroque punk sons, runs the city

at his most squishily depraved) coolly off any lady who rebuffs his advances, and his sons are a parody of fashion-conscious sluggishness. One of them is a liping, spiky-haired blonde who applies his make-up at the breakfast table, the youngest is boffing his mother and most of them have a ludicrous number of facial piercings.

Cox is clearly enjoying himself with all this outrageousness, but he rarely allows the laughs—or the gore—isn't overwhelm the tale's essential gravity. Things are also anchored by a complex and satisfying performance from Eddie Izzard as the Duke's heir, Lussurioso. He plays him impish and witty, but gives the character enough depth to make you regret the betrayal which Vindici has planned for him.

The film rides along on a brilliantly appropriate soundtrack from Chumbawamba. Without manipulating our responses, it never lets us forget that this is a tragedy, after all.

I'm baffled, though, by the film's final two shots. Either Cox was being embarrassingly obvious or too lipsoficial for his own good, and I'd like to ask him what he had in mind. •

Olympic Orgasms. On Tap

Down high from the Mount, Olympia has crowned Vancouver for 2010. And, like EXPO 86, the Olympics will bring irreversible change—both plausible and perverted—to the West Coast Paradise. But there's little pain in fighting this impending behemoth of greed, televised support, and corporate ad-guzzling. Indeed, let's all join hands in a giant group orgy and Breed the Olympic Spirit by offering a few suggestions to the Olympic Committee, as we get down on our knees and beg—like the dirty hypocrites we are—for that tasty piece of the funding pie... and thus I offer the first suggestion in what will become a new series in Panarticon: readers are encouraged to write in their own brain-bubbles...

New National Anthem

Suggestion Uno: A new national anthem. Our anthem sucks. Burn the old dirge—not only because it's a diatribe of religious ideology—but because it has a hook/limerick combination as rousing as a funeral march—which it practically is: our nation's sing-song was composed as a hymn by Calixa Lavallée in 1880 for a spirited poem by Judge Adolphe-Basile Routhier. We should have listened to history: nobody paid much attention to the damn dirge until... well, really until 1980, when it was all settled as Canada's national anthem. For a while there were several sets of lyrics via competing scribbles, including such memorable passages as: "At Britain's side/White'er belide," "Guide then one/Empire wide," and—my personal favorite (and closest to the French)—

"Beneath the shade of the Holy Cross/Thy children own their birth." (I'm not too sure whether I should feel comforted or frightened that "I own my birth".)

Today's lyrics just compact these imperialistic, good of Brit/French colonial and God-fearing themes into only slightly more metaphoric language: "The True North, strong and free (note the 'true,' here!)," "True, patriot love [more true, of patriotism for the truth!]/In all thy Sons [no women] command [obey, fuckers]—obey the truth!/God keep our land/Glorious and free [Well, here it is—a plea to God to get into the action—in case this obeying stuff fails through]." In French, Canada's national chant reveals its "true" origins—apparently jotted down in some frozen Catholic schoolhouse during a particularly rotten Québec winter. Here's the official English translation, and I print it here in full—my comments interpolated.

"Canadian Land of our forefathers [Well, not really: we're

immigrants, and this is certainly not "our land." The "forefathers" and "foremothers" are First "Nations"/Thy brow is wreathed with a glorious garland of flowers [note the Christian imagery: the poetic, historical, and patriarchal "head" of Canada is wreathed!]/As in thy arm ready to wield the sword [Canada is thy North American saviour—and He carries Vengeance and Might via Death—the Sword!]/So also is it ready to carry the cross [i.e. salvation—wrought first by the sword; the cross is "also ready"—but not a necessity, in fact, the other "arm" remains empty while the sword must be put down to "carry the cross." Note these are arms, as in "bear

What would be better then, instead of "O! Canada!"...? Easy—electronic music. That's right, bring on a completely non-lyric "national anthem"

arms"—not hands, which usually do other things—like caress, touch, and love, as well as create. A "handy"—or, better, "army"—doctrine in dealing with "Natives."/Thy history is an epic of the most brilliant exploits [indeed, it is: exploitation!]/Thy valor steeped in faith [No Comment!]/Will protect our homes and our rights [Take note: rights and property—capitalism—are entwined via a Christian humanism].

Well! What would be better, then, instead of "O Canada!": Easy—electronic music. That's right, bring on a completely non-lyric "national anthem" and I am down—be it stoned and laughing or grooving out to our new Olympic microfunk (Montréal glitch massive, get down to the new national anthem *tracassommmmm. AKUZEN!*).

For one, there would be no more bickering about lyrics. Arguments over representation and interpretation would be obsolete—all that would matter would be bodily affect. For nothing glues the world today like the cross-cultural thudding of beats. Or, for that matter, the beauty long-its of chick-music—hell, drum and bass, whatever: we could have an uptempo version wrought by techno producer Daniel Lui, a dark and evil minimalist version from Richie Hawtin, a cascading, granular-ambient epic from Tim Hecker, and a cheesy-prog remix from Chris Sheppard. Why not? We're a cheesy nation. Embrace the cheese! In fact, why not just commission an entire symphony of electronic refrains? Every time we had to play the "anthem," there would be such a selection to choose from that our "national identity" would completely dissolve, our

competitiveness as a "people" would disintegrate, and a feeling of cosmopolitanism would flood the "glowing hearts." It would no longer even be "international" or "transnational," but something exterior to the "nation" altogether, something global, something of the multitudes... There would be dangers in this tactic—any attempt to attach our "nation" to a fragment that could not be sung at all could result in bitter infighting. We'd have to watch that Québec would not be happy—but they weren't happy that Vancouver got the Olympics anyway. (Apparently "it hurt their future chances." Québec's petty "nationalism" is not distinct—it's ignorant. Viva autonomia, but

not when it means exclusive politics of "home.") Imagine: the new "national anthem" could not even be accurately hummed—the concept here being to create a "national anthem" that goes one step further to dissolving the nation-state—but don't let the Feds or the Olympic Committee that...

Yes, Vancouver Does Cool Now

Artist and freakerster lo-j, milkman wrote to tell me that God things are erupting in the sum of street madness (hoary, Criminal Mass). Apparently, the beat collective Tribal Harmonix has breached the threshold of organization and energy, throwing some solid events—including a few covered by bicycle-generators (silent) and nonpolluting: wicked. Fire-twirling which witnessed under a certain bridge a few months ago, has illuminated a number of flagorations, including several on the Drive—see <www.firespinners.com>. Also, Socialactionstreet.com has gathered together artists in a friendly and hopefully profitable fashion; freak-energy seems to be flowing toward the Coast—Toronto's infamous minimalist Tomas Jaku has flown the coop to vanCity with Robin Jude, while Daniel Gardner (aka Fivous) has joined us Montréalers. (And, for those of you following G Joe Kilaz—now known simply as The Kilaz—this is why the Carmanian is dead.) Then there's this year's New Forms Festival, which hopefully will present itself as a professional entity after last year's spectacularly deconstructive performance. <newformfestival.com> Eeeeeeeeee BOOM BOOM... •

over my shoulder

book reviews
by doretta

City Of My Dreams

I owe the title of this column to Zuzi Garner's short story of the same name from her collection *All the Anxious Girls on Earth*. The city in question is Vancouver and look, the protagonist of the story, has an uneasy relationship with yuppies, hippies, and activists alike. In "City of My Dreams" Vancouver's laid-back attitude is so aggressive that it is stressful to Lois.

The first time I read the story I didn't understand what Garner was aiming for.

I missed all the references to the lame aspects of Vancouver, likely because my suburban upbringing didn't include weekend Whistler getaways, trips to the beach in the summer or East Vancouver neighbourly love. I was just thrilled that it was obvious the unnamed city in the story was my city. As if one can own a city, or take pride in it as if it were a significant other.

Most fiction is set in cities other than our little west coast maze of leaky condos and houses so bland that they're labeled "special".

Usually the locale in question is the hometown of the writer or the city they reside in. This being said, Douglas Coupland had to change the location of *Generation X* to a sunny American city because his publishers didn't think that people would care about a Canadian city. Now he's made a career out of writing about North Vancouver and those who are from that suburb cannot help but love even dude like *Girlfriend in a Coma*.

After relating my thoughts on "City of My Dreams" to my friend Anna (who moved from Ontario to Vancouver in elementary school) things became clear. She patiently explained why an angry character in "City of My Dreams" shouts, "Move back to Toronto, bitch!" at a pedestrian and the dozens of reasons why that is funny.

Finally, a trip to the centre of Canada's universe made everything very clear: Toronto is a city we love to hate, while, tragically, Vancouver is a place we love to

love. When I had my Toronto-epiphany, I started laughing on a streetcar and I thought about "City of My Dreams".

It then occurred to me that the official spin on our city is annoying. It'd be better if we were a city that people loved to hate; we'd be a city with personality. Instead we're in the same category as unicorns and rainbows. Our mountains and oceans make us lovely and innocuous, adored without thought. Worse yet, to give our pretty little city more credibility, our tourism board casts Vancouver as a handsome jock who thinks "Canada Kicks Ass." You know, the dude at the

bar who's confident and radiates a sense of self-entitlement. Vancouver kind of comes off as a guy who thinks a beer commercial slogan is the most clever media moment of the decade and thinks paternalism is highly important. If this is anything to go by, Vancouver is the kind of guy I'd kick out of bed.

Yet I love this city, despite all the plastic people, nice cars, and overpriced real estate. Vancouver isn't just Kitsilano. Nor is it Commercial Drive, Strathcona, the West End or Main Street. It's not Expo 86 or Winter Olympics 2010. It's not the Downtown Eastside nor is it Kitsilano. No single neighbourhood or dominant group of people can represent a city, just like a single character trait isn't representative of a person.

My Vancouver consists of the same ten people. You know, the same ten people you see at shows, restaurants, bookstores, lectures, artist talks, galleries, record stores, and sample sales. Some of them are friends, and others have been well-dressed extras in the movie of my life. I'm sad that I never had dialogue with some of these people. And this month, I'm saying goodbye to my same ten people and

moving to a place that I feel I know because of television, books and movies. Farewell city of my working hours. Hello city of my dreams.

Stan Douglas

Every Building on 100 West Hastings
(Arsenal Pulp Press)

This is not a book of photographs, though one might expect that a Stan Douglas book might take the form of a coffee table book a cool kid would covet. Instead, this collaboration between the Contemporary Art Gallery and Arsenal Pulp Press is a collection of essays exploring Douglas's prints. Every

You get a poster insert of the print. I want to hang it above my desk so that I can see the beauty in a place that has been deemed Vancouver's worst neighbourhood

Building on 100 West Hastings.

First of all, you need to know that the photograph the book is based upon is stunning. The 100 block of West Hastings looks colourful, inviting, and simply gorgeous through the lens of Stan Douglas's camera. It brings to mind photographs from the 1960s of Hastings Street that captured diverse crowds walking on the sidewalk, though there are no people in the print. Those older pictures capture a time when the Downtown Eastside was a place that families would wander, and the residents of the area were not yet scapegoats for the area's decline. If you buy the book you get a poster insert of the print. I want to hang it above my desk so that I can see the beauty in a place that has been deemed Vancouver's worst neighbourhood.

As for the essays, they are well-researched, literate, and compassionate. If I start talking about them, I'll likely become preachy, so I'll stop here and just say that it's an excellent read. Even if you think I've led you astray in the past, this is a book worth reading. And finally, every building on 100 West Hastings is part of the city of my dreams. *

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The War Begins...

Tuesday, May 27, 2003

When I arrive at our space to load gear, I am greeted by the other men in the troupe: Jason Grimmer, Matthew Lyons, and Chad Mareels. Chad supplies our vehicle (the began living in it May '1st and now has three smoking roommates) for this tour of duty and has appropriately outfitted the windows of the van with metal grating. Our 100% all-secure mobile jail is ready to go. First battle is slated for Calgary's Ship and Anchor.

Wednesday, May 28, 2003

We arrive at the Ship to be greeted by our already quite wasted tour-mates of the next week, Honeysuckle Serentina. Much drinking begins. First band sounds like Korn or something bad. Good plays. Ha ha. HS begins destruction of Canada. My drinking causes much string breaking—to the chagrin of HS' Dave Truscott, who has agreed to change my strings this set. A total of four. Thanks, Dave. I'll get better. One man doesn't like us but Jason points out that it is hard to hear exactly what he is saying over the yelling and screaming in front of us. Ship rules. Nasty On 1, Canada 0.

Thursday, May 29, 2003

Chad spends eight hours customizing removable grates for the driver/passenger door windows. This is funny later. We arrive at The Vat in Red Deer to find a poster listing neither us nor HS. We call our pal Brad who says our agent never confirmed the show. A kind band from Winnipeg leaves to make room for us. The battle does not go well but I know the bartender from the high school rock circuit of my hometown, North Battleford, Saskatchewan. He was in Rubber Ostrich. He gets me quite drunk. Only one broken string. We go camping after the show. Nasty On 1, Canada 1.

Friday, May 30, 2003

8 August 2003

I wake up in the glory of nature. After some successful recon, I express my joy with some sort of folk dance that gets Jason and Matthew quite excited. I should calm down. There may be enemy troops among us. When we pull into Edmonton, we open the windows to be bombarded by pollen. This is bad. We arrive at Seedy's. Our best fan, Susie, shows up with 24 Heinekens for us. She has all our merch already and says it's all she can do for us now. I tell her that we are going to stop making new albums and shirts due to this fine development. My allergies start going nuts. I know the sound guy from the old Saskatoon all-ages scene. He was in The Echoing Green. He doesn't get me drunk. The show is not well attended but, along with HS, our heads are up and the Canadian Warfare Tour must go on. Nasty On 1, Canada 2.

Saturday, May 31, 2003

I wake up with a fever and feeling quite hellish. Can't cancel battles. The enemy will find you regardless. We stop in N.B., Sask., for Buffalo burgers at my parents' house. Next stop: Saskatoon's Wash 'n Slosh. When we unload, Chad leaves the gratings for the driver/passenger windows leaning against a wall outside the club. This is the last time we see them. Ha ha. The venue is quite cool and Chad begins doing laundry. Matt tells tales of the ghost trucker he's been seeing. No, not romantically. The show is very fun and fairly well attended considering where we are. I can't not drink much but do anyway. Nasty On 2, Canada 2.

Sunday, June 1, 2003

Fever hasn't broken yet. I don't leave the back bunk of our vehicle. We drive to just inside the Ontario border and set up camp. I don't rise 'til morning.

Monday, June 2, 2003

The fever has broken and moved on to Jason and Matthew. The

shower sucks and I'm still quite sick. I will have diarrhea for the next few days due to not eating at all yesterday. We drive to Thunder Bay for our show at The Apollo. Can't remember the first band. Maybe there were two? I can't move at all on stage and cannot sing either. Nasty On 2, Canada 3. The four kids that are there like it anyway and buy some merch. Drive all night to Sault Ste. Marie.

Tuesday, June 3, 2003

We arrive in The Sault at 9 am. The next battle isn't 'til tomorrow in Hamilton so we find the local bar/club and get ready to fight the sickness for the next 24 hours. Matthew vomits. Ha ha.

Wednesday, June 4, 2003

Hamilton's Underground. We've played here before and look forward to having a better night than last time. We've parted with HS for now and meet up with 3 inches of Blood. Also fine allies. Tonight is my first night back on the horse. Jason and Matthew have decided to drink the bugs away. We play quite well and seem to impress, although merch sales do not, enough. Next band And They Will Fall are from 'Ronto. They play very furious black metal. Very angry about something. Quite cool. 3 inches destroy what few remnants are left of Hamilton and we disappear into the night. Destination: 'Ronto. Nasty On 3, Canada 3.

Thursday, June 5, 2003

We leave from Chad's brother's home in 'Ronto and make our way to Montreal. We were originally to be playing Casa de Popolo with Mico and Rocket's Red Glare but have moved across the street to La Sala Rosa to play with NY's much-hyped A.R.E. Weapons. HS take our spot at Casa. The night is amazing and there are about 60 people when we play. They all like the show and give much applause. A.R.E. Weapons take the stage

and receive no response from the 100 or so people there. Matthew leaves. The show goes on and people start exiting. The band declare that they are going to play until the audience gives some sort of response. No response. Matthew is told not to go to the show by some people outside. Confident we have won the battle, we enjoy some reefer with Chloe Sevigny's brother and he gives us the rest before departing for the border. This will be our only payment. It seems you have to pay a lot for bad entertainment. Nasty On 3, Canada 4. We'll be back. Montreal. This war is far from over.

Friday, June 6, 2003

When we arrive at London's Call the Office we join in many embraces with our soon-to-be-favourite war heroes, Black Rice. Tonight's bill is filled with Vancouver bands and sure to leave London in ashes. First band is terrible. Not from Vancouver. Black Rice take the stage and mightily topple the oncoming air attacks. The Flairs take the stage and are from Vancouver as well. Our set has been well supplied

Lawrence introduces 'Filthy Part of town' from the pseudo-stage on the sidewalk. I feel cool. No one agrees, including the fire hydrant I'm standing near. Black Rice tears Club 360 apart from the bottom up. No one is left standing. Limbs are everywhere. Where the fuck did that CCR riff come from? They are my new favourite band. Our show goes off like a motherfuck. Jason has hand-to-hand combat with a hair on his microphone and a banistol that is on the side of the stage. Good thing he had that towel cape so that people could recognize him for the superhero that he is. Ask Joel for video footage. 'Ronto is left with nothing left but its fine bands. Ha ha ha. Nasty On 5, Canada 4. Many free beers follow but none of the record deals that 'Ronto promised.

Sunday, June 8, 2003

There are so many dead monkeys on the highway between 'Ronto and Ottawa. Why can't Ontario make nice with the monkeys? We arrive at Bumpers for the final Vancouver deluxe bill of destruction. From here on in we are on our own. First up, Black

help from our friends), Canada 4. Dead monkeys: DEAD.

Monday, June 9, 2003

We arrive in St. Stephen, New Brunswick (Matthew and Jason's hometown) at 2 pm and head straight to Jason's mother's place. Cold beers await. St. Stephen is a beautiful place on the border of New Brunswick and Maine. Very Dawson's Creek. We will spend the next few days here in a blur of turkey dinners, free beer, Strawberry Alarm Clock records, Gooch's (Jason's hash dealer) place, free beer, kicking the ball to the dogs, walking, checking emails, 10 lbs of mussels, free beer, kind families, cleaning Chad's house in the Lyons' drive way, healthy breakfasts, laundry, free beer and solitude.

Tuesday, June 10, 2003

We get up and check email before heading to Moncton for our first Maritime show. I receive a link to a Chat Attack review of our NXNE 'Ronto show that calls Jason homophobic. They got it all wrong. He's homophobic. Nevertheless Jason asks them to retract it and, reluctantly, they

No one is left standing. Limbs are everywhere. Where the fuck did that CCR riff come from?

with much ammo from our good friend Tony Lima, and we begin to slash away at the ground forces. The Spiffites take over for us in what, I'm told, their last battle. Jay Solyom takes many half-smoked cigarettes and jags shots from the backfieldground. He then invites everyone starting with us to join him onstage. This turns into a 15-minute krat/Can-ike jam. Many people playing Marty's drums. That's a 10-4. London bridges falling down. Nasty On 4, Canada 4.

Saturday, June 7, 2003

Today we are to do battle live on CBC Radio from 'Ronto's Horseshoe. We show up in time for soundcheck. I stand out front of the club and smoke while Grant

Rice tell Ottawa right away that they don't like them and are never going to play there again. Ouch. Joel thanks his Vancouver friends for coming out. Black Rice destroys in the most appropriate of ways. I sure as hell come to like them a lot—although they didn't bust a CCR move tonight. HS have Andy's hometown crowd whipped into a frenzy. They sure like Andy here. We played a set. I guess it was okay. Doesn't strike me as a bad memory. 3 inches of Blood finish off Ottawa like a good old medieval beheading. They will now ride their dark horses to NY. Black Rice and HS head homeward to make sure there is nothing left as we go off to prepare our battle against the Maritimes. Nasty On 6 (with a little

comply. We head to Shediac first which is 20 minutes out of Moncton on the ocean. This is the first time I spot the Atlantic Ocean. We do battle with the world's largest lobster and, though we emerge unscathed, do not win. We have fish and chips. More free beer and burgers at Kathy Dube's (Cinchi) parents' cabin. Off to The Paramount. The club is awesome. The staff are awesome. Extra props to P.J. The Mean are awesome. We've always felt Canada's best bands have been on the coasts and The Mean are our first live evidence. Machesles in hand, our set goes quite well and Jason's dad enjoys it. Or so he says. Lots of merch sales. Good play. The Maritimes rule. Nasty On 7, Canada 4.





Wednesday, June 13, 2003

We were supposed to be going to PEI today but it fell through. Fortunately, our friend Matt from Halifax's Hell City Love is able to get us a pick-up show within three hours. We arrive at Halifax's Seahorse to friendly staff and reasonably good quesadillas. The Ditchpigs from Moncton open the evening with an amazing set. More evidence. Our set goes off with moshing and much merriment, etc. I must get drunk. Good choice. The Hemingways have made the same decision. Although they are a little too straight-ahead for my liking, they put on a completely sloppy, beautifully delinquent set. Nasty On 8, Canada 4.

Thursday, June 14, 2003

We head out for greasy spoon before finding accommodations in Halifax. It's best to get hotels in the morning as it maximizes comfort time and money. Turns out that The Marquee has put us up tonight at The Citadel, two blocks from the club. Showers are nice. We head out for a MuchMusic interview with Matt Wells before going to Hell's Kitchen (basement of The Marquee) for sound-check. We are given many drink tickets and food money. Hell City Love are awesome. Our set is worthy of celebration. Ten drinks in at this point. I head upstairs to The Marquee where a post-Skydiggers/Roxy-esque dance party is happening. No ladies are impressed with me. Or my booty-shake-grinding. I manage to not get killed and we head back to the hotel for more beer. Nasty On 9, Canada 4.

Friday, June 15, 2003

Last show before having some time off. We make our way to Saint John, New Brunswick where we are playing at Studio 112 with Moncton's finest, The Peter Parkers, and local favourites The Organizers. After setting in we find out that we have to be of the ferry in Sydney, Nova Scotia tomorrow at 9 am to head to Newfoundland. We didn't think the shows were going to happen. The Peter Parkers are fucking amazing! Sonic destruction! More evidence! Our set

goes very well, impressing all of Matthew and Jason's family and friends (including Gooch, Jason's hash dealer) who came from St. Stephen. We catch three of The Organizers' hyper-mod tunes, pose for some family pictures and hit the road for Sydney. Nasty On 10, Canada 4.

Saturday, June 16, 2003

We arrive at 8:30 for the ferry. I sleep all the way to Newfoundland. We drive from the west side to the east side as fast as we can, but do not manage to make last call in St. John's. We cannot find a hotel so we hit a campsite out of town. Quite nice.

June 17, 2003

After cleaning up our act we head to Cape Spear, the easternmost point in North America. There are icebergs! Amazing huge waves crashing rocks all blue-crested and beautiful nature shit. We head to the venue to find kids loitering already. Classic all-goes show. Troller Camp are a high school Jesus Lizard meets Eddie Cochran. More evidence. Some other less memorable acts. The show is at McMurdo's—the same venue we will be playing for the older dudes tonight so we take it easy and enjoy the fact that they are now serving. Hardliner are stellar. They feature Dan, the guitarist from Sheavy, and their singer, John, who is like One Day At A Time's Schneider crossed with Lester Bangs. Our set is appreciated and more drinks follow. We head back to John and Paul's (promoters) place for beer, reefer, and crashing. First my head into a wall, then my vomit into a bush, and then actual sleeping. Nasty On 12, Canada 4.

Sunday, June 18, 2003

We wake to showers, more reefer, and the beginning of what John says is going to be a day filled with nothing but The Who. He starts with Live at Leeds and then moves into Sells Out. We travel about 3/4ths of the way back across Newfoundland and stop to camp. The site is set right on a river and is beautiful. The best campsite showers of the entire

trip. Large fire. Jason has a torch that he waves around in the dark, telling stories with fire.

Tuesday, June 19, 2003

We take the 5 pm ferry back to Sydney. Grab a room, some food for Dad, and head out in search of booze. Chad stops at a lounge in search of off sales only to find bad R&B and \$6.50 pitchers of Keith's. Price is good. We end up coming back. Hot Hot Heat is playing on the stereo. The bar staff know who we are—by brilliant small-town deduction. We decline their offer to play us our album. We play dice and enjoy Deep Purple and Gordon Lightfoot. Very drunk.

Wednesday, June 20, 2003

We make our way back to the lounge for greasy spoon, then a nice relaxing day of emails, laundry, and small-town mingling. The all-goes show at The Steel Workers' Hall is quite good despite poor attendance. The opening band, Teenage Hurricanes, are the best we've seen yet. Featuring two 18 and two 19 year olds, one broken hockey stick/mic stand, many smashing telephones, and body checks, the TH took youthful abandon out of a notch. We later find out that this is their second show in their month-long career. The next two bands are emo. Or more something else that doesn't get me

We wake to showers, more reefer, and the beginning of what John says is going to be a day filled with nothing but The Who.

going. Rock Ranger are Sydney's finest and, despite a terrible name (I should tick), they break out lick after lick of jam groove rock that makes the kids smile. We get over super well with the ten kids who are there. They spend thousands of dollars on our shit. We pack up and head down to Chandler's Lounge (they even use the Friends logo) to find Rock Ranger already playing to a room filled mostly with bar stars. A bit of a whirlwind settling up and leaving down with rocking, yelling, and some girl dancing all through our set. Like the actually liked it. Sell a couple things, pack up, get burgers, and start heading to Montreal. Fifteen hours. A long haul. Hopefully worth it to make it for our vengeance battle in time for some recon. Nasty On 14, Canada 4.

Thursday, June 21, 2003

Pull into Montreal at 6 pm. Head to Megan's for showers (thank you) and "Dep" beers. For those of you who don't know, a "Dep" is a convenience store in Quebec. They will sell you a beer, put it in a bag already opened and you're on your way. That's culture. Head down to Barfly. The place is an awesome hole in the wall which makes Jason feel like Warren Oates in *Bring Me the Head of Alfredo Garcia*. Or so he says. Regardless, we have found our people. The Dropouts are dirty Montreal punk that do not burn us out. The crowd loves our set and even requests an encore. We play "747 Is," as usual. More

street beers and laughs and then off to Eric's for nightcaps and Bob Dylan. Nasty On 15, Canada 4.

Friday, June 22, 2003

We have today to chill (did I actually say chill?) in Montreal. Greasy spoon, full Montreal view, intake from Mount Royal and then back to St. Laurent for street beers and mingling. It's easy to see why Montreal is the home of *Vice* magazine. I've seen too many dudes with funny packs (wearing them like puns!) to not have wanted to start a magazine myself. Chad and I saw a dude with a black t-shirt tucked into these super-light, super-short shorts with a one inch rolled cuff. We were stopped at a red light. He was coming the opposite direction but, unlike us, did not have to comply with the light. He simply walked through traffic, never once breaking stride, never once causing a vehicle to slow down or speed up. It was like seeing Jesus walking on fucking water. Depart at 11 pm. Destination: somewhere near Winnipeg.

Saturday, June 23, 2003

We stop at Sandbar Lake (west-end Ontario) to set up camp. There have been many forest fires in Ontario and consequently we cannot light a fire. This leads to a new score tally: Mosquitoes 10,000, Jason's knees 0. I eat

three steaks and a bag of chips but fail to get drunk off of my Beck's keg.

Sunday, June 24, 2003

Shower up and head off to Winnipeg. On the way a bird tries to kill me. Fortunately, we have a windshield that fails his evil plan. Unfortunately, we have windshield wipers that his little dead body gets caught up in. He's looking right at me. He sees my soul. Turning the wipers on doesn't help. It is more uncomfortable, though. We stop and

Chad and paper towel remove the beast. We perform an in-store at Music Trader that goes quite well. Some dude yells out "Black Oak Arkansas!" We play another song. Then he yells out "Cheap Trick!" We play another song. Then, finally, he requests Lester Bangs—something we can do. 3 Inches of Blood walk in as we finish and it's a pleasant surprise: I had heard we might be playing with them tonight but it was still nice. Music Trader gives us each some credit. I got Simply Saucer, Jason got the Beyond the Valley of the Dolls soundtrack, Chad got Diamond Head, and Matt got a Johnny Cash DVD. We load up and head to The Royal Albert. Jason gets a royal flush in video poker and wins \$250. We get drunk. 3 Inches of Blood are amazing, it really is nice to see a band after they have been touring for a month. So much fire. We dedicate "The King; He Drinks a Lot" to them. Our set is fiery (3 Inches inspiration) and our usual Winnipeg fans are all there. And the guy from the in-store. Nasty On 16, Canada 4. We have drinks with the bartender by our van and he tells us ghost stories of The Albert.

Monday, June 25, 2003

Wake up in the van at 9 am. Load our gear from The Albert stage and make our way to Brandon where we'll cool off and hide

out from the Charlie for a while. Our barracks are quite nice with two beds, a pull out love seat, a fridge, microwave, good shower, internet in the lobby, and free long distance in the lobby after 6. They also have an outdoor pool and BBQs but it is not nice outside. We hit a pool hall and then after dinner the boys take me out bowling. Back home for TV and a midnight snack. It's quiet. Too quiet.

Tuesday, June 26, 2003

We pull into Regina and stumble

upon the Gaslight Saloon quite easily. It is a nice bar aside from the flame motif. The staff are easy on the eyes and quite kind. We have a warm meal, a game of darts, pool, and House of the Dead. Opening band say they are emo but sound like Nickelback. The second band opens with Nirvana's "Territorial Pissings" and proceeds into NoMeansNo, Pixies, Sublime (which makes me leave), more NoMeansNo, Tool, and more shit I ignored. No offence to any of the original bands, it's just that I knew we were going to be headlining above The Pixies I'd've asked for more money. Our set goes very well. Jason decides to record a live album and the audience is at least amused enough to pay attention. We play well and sell much merch. Nasty On 17, Canada 4. I finally beat Jason and Matt in pool by recruiting a shark waitress for a partner. More drinks and hit the road for Calgary. I'm almost home, baby.

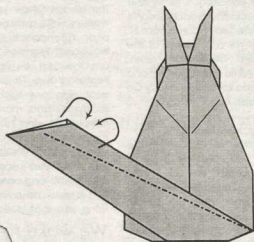
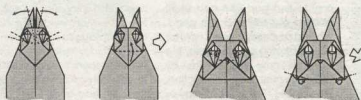
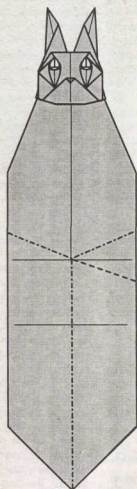
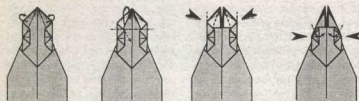
Friday, June 27, 2003

Pull in at our friend Janette's at about 2 pm and get cleaned up. It seems the town has somehow built itself up since we tore it down a month ago. Our Edmonton battle for tomorrow will not happen due to retreats. Head down to The Castle and begin drinking, staid. Many old friends and big Stella beers make for a good time. Then Stage City Blues Combo hit the stage. This is the best pro-life band I've seen. Our set is more drunken live album action. The crowd is dancing and drinking as much as we are! For the amount of drunkenness in that room, I'm amazed only one person annoyed me. You know who you are. Calgary rules. Final tally: Nasty On 18, Canada 4, 18,333 km.

Thursday, July 17, 2003

Today at practice Chad found a original puck in his hardware case. It got there by traveling from a unit in McMurdo's to Jason's hand to Newfoundland to Jason's hand to Chad's case. Ha ha. *





Spoon

The Way They Get By

When Austin, TX's Spoon released *Kill the Moonlight* last summer, it knocked me on my prissy white ass. I had heard *Girls Can Tell*, their previous album, and was fairly non-plussed, but *Kill the Moonlight* was a revelation. Replete with gritty and catchy rock songs, punctuated by singer Britt Daniel's raspy voice, the album is destined to become a classic. I was lucky enough to sit down with Spoon drummer and co-founder Jim Eno before Spoon's Richard's on Richards show last month to discuss *Kill the Moonlight*'s breakthrough success, reconciling day jobs with touring, and Mexican restaurants.

DISORDER: I saw you in Seattle last November at Graceland, but you didn't come up to Vancouver. Do you guys enjoy coming to Canada?—It's not something you do a whole lot of.
Jim Eno: I like it. The only thing I don't like about it is that it takes a long time to get across the border. It's such a hassle. But once we get here, we always have a great time. Toronto and Montreal, we usually have a good time.

It's a big problem for Vancouver because there's not much of an incentive for bands to go through all the hassle of the border.
They just go to Seattle and that's it and you guys have to go down there. Is it hard for you guys to cross if you're just going to see a show?

Not really—you just have to have your passport and ID ready.
And no felonies.

Yeah, no felonies, and no one of colour.
Right.

In general, how does touring work for you? I read an interview that said you're an electrical engineer; how do you get time off?
I just take a leave of absence, so I don't get paid, but they've been cool about it. I've had the same boss since 1993—moved around to different companies, but same boss—you know, they know that I'm going to be leaving. I structure my projects so that I can get away.
And it's always, you know, when you plan to get away, it's always the worst time when it comes down to it.

But that's great that it works out for you. You've got a real job.
10 August 2003

They haven't forced me to make a decision yet.

With *Kill the Moonlight*, it seems like the amount of praise and press has gone up even more than where it was before [for 2001's *Girls Can Tell*]. Why do you think *Kill the Moonlight* has garnered so much attention?
I just think it's been a slow building process since 1996 [when they released their debut, *Telephono*, on Matador]. One thing we have been doing is we're just trying to keep putting out great records. We're just recording and Britt [Daniel, singer/guitarist]'s songwriting is just getting better and better.

It seems that with this record there was a bit of a stylistic break; there were different elements that were brought in—a lot more keyboards. And then there's "Stay Don't Go"—which has beatboxing. Were there any decisions about that, or was that just something that happened?
It's just how the songs start working out. We don't go into a record saying, "This is going to sound like this." It just has to evolve into what it becomes. So, you know, working song by song, figuring what each song needs and what it doesn't need. Sort of subtractive stuff; let's throw a bunch of things down and pick off what's working and throw what's not adding anything.

How collaborative is the songwriting process?

Britt writes the songs. A lot of times what will happen is we'll have practices beforehand where we'll work on arrangements and drum parts and things like that. And then when the recording happens, we record at my house, so it's collaborative in terms of sounds and stuff like that. ... For the past two records we've used Mike McCarthy as producer/engineer, so the three of us just hang out and craft and work on things.

So there's just the three of you who produce the music for the albums and then you bring in a keyboardist and bassist for the tour? I know that you switched keyboardists recently.

Yeah, and Eric [new keyboardist] played on *Girls Can Tell*—no, I'm sorry, one song on *Kill the Moonlight*, but he did all of the *Girls Can Tell* tours. Josh [old keyboardist] played on one or two songs on *Kill the Moonlight*; also he played on all of *Series of Sneaks*. [With recording] sometimes we say, "Hey, this would be a good day's part for this guy,

or so and so," or "This would be a cool part to bring this guy in." And then that's sort of how we play it. We'll have to see how the next record pans out.

About the next record, where's it at?

We're already working on it—gonna start hitting it really hard after this tour; working on songs and getting things together. Whenever we're ready, we'll start recording.

Have you been playing the new songs during the shows at all?
No, it's not at that point yet.

Any sort of ideas about where, stylistically, they might be headed?
No, no clue yet.

Are they top secret?

[Laughing] Well, top secret or I don't know if I can describe it.

One thing I wanted to talk to you about is Mexican restaurants. Because you guys have links to a bunch of them on your website. What's the best Mexican restaurant you know of?

When it comes to authentic Mexican, I like a place called Polvo's in Austin. For Tex-Mex, I like a place called Chewy's. Yeah, there're a lot of good ones.

Have you built a network of Mexican restaurants across the country that you go to while on tour?
[Laughing] No, no, they're usually not as good once we start moving away from Texas. Are there good Mexican restaurants here?

I was trying to think about that. There's a great place nearby that's called the Mouse and Bean that's very authentic, but most of the places aren't all that great.
Have you been down to Austin?

No, I have a cousin down there, but I've never been. I've made it to Dallas airport but that's all.
It's a cool place. Austin is fun.



INTERVIEW BY DUNCAN MCHUGH PHOTO BY PATRICK FINLAY

I'd like to make it to SXSW sometime.
Oh yeah, it's a good time.

You guys play every year, don't you?
Yeah, we've played every year since 1995.

Why is that important to you? Or is it just that you're there?
Well, we always submit. Yeah, we're there, and we usually get pretty good shows. We're beginning to get better and better shows. The last one we played with Yo La Tengo and Cat Power, so that was really awesome. I just really like it because we tour around quite a bit with a lot of opening bands, like The Oranges. And everyone comes to SXSW, so you get to meet all of your friends and you're in your hometown and see tons of bands. And everyone comes to your town so you get to hang out with all the people you've met over the years, musician-wise.

How important do you think it's been to be in a town like Austin, in an atmosphere that's quite nurturing?

That's a tough one. I don't know how important it is, actually. It's good that we have cool clubs to play. But you realise when you start touring that it doesn't really matter where you're from because people don't know you as soon as you leave your hometown. Geographically, [Austin] is great because we can do the West Coast in two weeks and we can do the East Coast in two weeks, so it's a lot better than having to take a month if you're on the West coast or East coast. That's good. Chicago is also good for those reasons.

You know, Austin's a great town. You get to see live music, any style, in 40 different clubs every night. It's pretty amazing.

I don't know what your politics are, but it also seems like this kind of oasis of liberal thought in the middle of Texas.
It's sort of liberal. It's not as liberal as I would hope and you're still stuck in the middle of Texas, which isn't good, especially now. Especially going to Europe and [the reaction is]. "You're from Texas?"

I guess George Bush hasn't done a lot for the travel prospects of liberals from Texas. Another thing I want to touch on is your artwork. The artwork on the records is always really great, especially *Series of*

Sneaks.

Britt usually looks around for that stuff. He found those paintings. I think the *Series of Sneaks* was a futuristic artist and we tracked down who had the rights to it and told them we wanted to use it for our cover. The same with *Kill the Moonlight*.

So is there any significance to the hands [depicted on the cover], or is it just an interesting visual?
I think it's just a visual.

And what about the title "*Kill the Moonlight*"? Was there any significance to that?
It is a Futurist manifesto, I think. Ah man, I don't want you to quote me on that, cause I don't want to get that wrong. [Author's note: Jim asked me to email him later so he could fact check this and then I forgot. A Google search revealed that it is, in fact, the name of an early 20th century Italian Futurist manifesto.] With titles of records, you just want to, how do I describe it, sort of like imagery. You just want to have something... that... sounds good.

Well, it certainly works. It sounds intriguing and mysterious. I also wanted to talk about *Merge* a bit. I know you guys have been bounced around by labels, but it seems like, with *Merge*, it's really been stable and you guys have really taken off while with them. How have you enjoyed working with them?
Oh, they're great. They're great people and they're huge music lovers and, as far as what a label needs to do, answer phone calls, they do press, they're on the ball. It's been great being on their label. They came through when a lot of other labels wouldn't.

What are some of the bands you've been excited about lately?
It's weird for me, because I have a recording studio, so I record other bands. So it's Spoon, other bands or I'm working, so I don't have a lot of time to go out and find other bands. But, for example, I just did the new Mates of State record. That was really fun. I was a fan of theirs, but I really like the new songs. That's who I've been listening to lately.

What can people expect for tonight?
Full-on rock. *

A Series of Peaks: The History of Spoon

1993 – The love-child of guitarist/vocalist Britt Daniels and drum machine Jim Eno. Spoon is born. Greg Wilson and Andy McGuire complete the instrumental line-up.

1994 – Metaphorical hymn busting with the release of the *Nefarious EP* on Ruffer Records.

1995 – Spoon is signed to the six year old, fairly reputable Matador label. Appearances are deceiving.

1996 – Debut full-length *Telephona* is released. Only Wilson has disappeared and McGuire is suing the band for cash after breaking-up ugly. *Telephona* producer, John Crouin, plays bass as the band tours as a three-piece. Despite selling minimally, Spoon gets bracketed as too commercial for the indie spirit of Matador.

1997 – Spoon begins to work with bassist Josh Zarbo. (Note that Zarbo is the bassist that sticks, carrying on to play with Spoon as well know them today.)

1998 – A *Series of Sneaks* is released on Elektra, amounting to a somewhat seminal, absolutely beautiful car crash. Spoon is ditched by the label almost immediately as Ron Lafitte [the vice-president that backed them] is fired: the album sells poorly, people fucking love it.

2001 – *Girls Can Tell* is released on Merge and sells more than the entire back catalogue of the band combined. It is widely conceded that this is the album whereby Spoon elucidated what is uniquely their own. This album also has the best cover art to date for the band, a simple spinning record, a coil to monkey-see-monkey-do.

2002 – *Kill the Moonlight* is released on Merge. People freak out again. People love it; can't get enough of it. After approximately 10 record labels (including EP releases) and almost as many bass players, Spoon's reality appears to be coalescing into something solid.

2003 – Spoon comes to Vancouver. DISORDER interviews them. You read this.
sweetcheyanne *



Pet Sounds

A Conversation with
the Animal Collective
by Merek Cooper
Photos by
Hana Macdonald

You know that white snowy fuzz that you get on an untuned TV? You're not tuned to a station and the screen jiggles with white, gray, and black speckles. That's thousands of faint broadcast signals, which, too weak to form a coherent signal alone or unable to be interpreted by the crude mechanism of a TV, indulge themselves in a play of random movement creating the image you see. One of those signals is actually the still-dissipating energy from the original Big Bang. Two scientists found this faint signal in the '60s. Wherever they pointed their instruments, the signal was there, a ubiquitous low-level hiss. Just a weak primordial celestial radio signal, in the diffuse bath of background radiation that we are all immersed in everyday. This is the kind of natural, messed-up soundscape that the Animal Collective's music seeks to emulate. Like your deluded TV, you know there's endless faint pop culture signals in there somewhere but you can't quite isolate them and they're breaking up, coming in and out of focus. And there's natural noise too—the Big Bang and the endless chirp of the earth's creatures. It's just like placing a microphone in the forest at night; you'd think that it'd be silent, but when you listen to the play back, the noise is deafening, dense, and constantly overlapping. As a listener of the Animal Collective you kinda feel like an archaeologist, constantly unearthing cacophy melodies from the sedimentary layer cake of the noise that they present to you.

In the three years since they have emerged they've released four albums and a live compilation with their friends Black Dice, and every release has seen a redefinition of their sound. Their first album, *Spirit They've Vanished*, *Spirit They've Gone*, was a washed out fuzz of joyous pop melodies. Their third, *Campfire Songs*—released this year—is an acoustic drone masterpiece. But it's their latest, *Here Comes the Indian*, that really made people sit up and take notice. Make no mistake the pop melodies remain, but it's finding them that's the fun. Where once, the noise only occasionally obscured the melodies, now it's the noise that dominates and the melodies can only be enjoyed after a deep excavation.

But it's not just the music that has got Animal Collective noticed. The outrageous masks and make-up have helped. As too have the rather unusual monikers: David Partner is Avey Tare, Noah Lennox

is Panda Bear, Brian Weitz is The Geologist and finally (and perhaps disappointingly) Josh Deaken is The Deaken. I mean, come on. Aren't you intrigued? I was. So when I heard that they were playing Pat's Pub this month, I got all excited and set up this interview. On the evening Avey Tare and Panda Bear treated us to a sublime performance using only two acoustic guitars, four microphones, and a big drum. The Geologist was on hand, keeping his two friends company and manning the merch table. The Deaken was suspiciously absent, as were the much rumored masks and make-up. However, as I sat down to begin the interview, apparel was still very much a subject of concern:

Geologist: Are you gonna take pictures of us tonight?

DISCORD: Yeah.

Geologist: Aww, I'm always photographed in this T-shirt. Everyone's going to think I always wear the same thing.

First of all I have to say that your new album, *Here Comes the Indian*, is unbelievable.

All: Thank you

Where did it all start?

Panda Bear: We all sorta met each other while we were in high school. There's four of us, and The Deaken and these two guys [Avey Tare and The Geologist] all went to high school together, and the Deaken I've known since I was about second grade and he and I have been friends for a really long time. So I met these guys and we all started playing together through that sort of connection. These two guys had a band called Automind back in high school and the Deaken was in that for a little while playing keyboards.

What kind of style of music did Automind play?

Geologist: Automind? I don't know... It kinda started like indie rock, and then it got a little more experimental with psychedelic jammy stuff in between songs—a lot of weird noises and stuff like that.

And it all progressed from there?

Geologist: Sort of...

Panda: We were all playing music off and on, in different formations—different bands and stuff—but nothing too steady until these guys went to school in New York and eventually I moved there, too. Josh [The Deaken] and I went to school in Boston but I sorta dropped out and moved to New York, and that's when Dave and I started playing really steady; that was three years ago.

I heard this rumour that you're not planning on making music your career, is this true?

Geologist: I think the answer differs depending on who you talk to in the band. I think that feels was from me.

Avey Tare: We never depend on it being our career. We never want it to be a stressful thing, like, "How can we make money?" We just wanna make music.

Panda: But if I could afford to live off it I totally would—it's not like I'd be like, "Whoa, no."

And you're all still at university?

Geologist: Nah, we're done.

Panda: Done or dropped out.

What did you do, Panda Bear?

Geologist: Well, the Geologist is the only one who graduated; the other three of us all dropped out.

What was the reason for you dropping out?

Panda: I think it's different for all of us. There were a lot of different reasons for me. I moved to New York to be with a girl at the time and just never went back. That's my story. [Laughs]

How does New York feel at the moment? It seems the scene there is getting a lot of media attention.

Avey: It feels pretty normal to us. I feel like I know a lot of people there who are really supportive and there's definitely other musicians that

we feel pretty comfortable talking with

Geologist: It's more a community than a scene because I feel like our thoughts on music and the way we wanna do things is all a bit different. There isn't like a homogenous sound to anything. I don't think we're part of any New York renaissance sound. I mean, we definitely associate with them and a lot of them are our friends, but... we don't try and be part of it.

What bands do you associate with?

Geologist: Black Dice are really good friends of ours. But, like, The Liar and the Yeah Yeah Yeahs and the Strokes and stuff like that—we're not really... I mean, they are nice people, but I don't think people really group us in with the same kind of New York thing.

It seems like there are two really big movements right now: you have the disco punk scene with the Rafters and Ill, and then you have the psychedelic avant stuff like Black Dice, Lightning Bolt, and you guys.

Avey: I think we all sort of came to it from different perspectives and then have crossed paths at certain points. I mean, we are definitely really good friends with Black Dice.

Geologist: I think there are similarities in the way we approach creating stuff, but we wouldn't say we sound the same. I mean, I guess you could say that we do here and there.

I think sometimes in the more ambient stuff a connection between you two could be made.

Panda: There's probably been a lot of subtle cross-pollination. **Avey:** I think Black Dice for us, too, was as a big brother band—because they've been touring and recording longer than we have. So it was nice to have people that we could ask for advice; they helped us out on our first tour and that sort of thing.

Can you tell us a bit about how you recorded *Campfire Songs*?

Panda: It was out of Dave's cousin's place, out in rural Maryland. Out in the countryside. They have a little screened-in porch and we all sat in there, and we had, like, two mini-disc players recording inside, and we put one outside so you could get the whole sphere of what was going on as we played. And we played it straight through.

All the way through—no stops?

Avey: Yeah. It took us a while to get the right take.

How long is the album?

All: 41 minutes or something.

Wow. So, you just went through it and picked the best take?

Avey: Yeah. It was an idea we'd been working on for a long time—even before we started playing things in that style. Right before Danse Mantee was recorded we had started playing this idea of melding everything together—like one song became another suddenly and then became another without any stops. So we sort of took another idea that we'd had before to record stuff at night so it's warm and personal—you know—just an album that someone could put on and feel really close to nature and to the people who were making it. And then we took it and started throwing ambient noise into it, once we had come up with the songs.

Yeah, whenever I read anything on you guys there is this emphasis on "back-to-nature," "tribal-dancing-round-fires" kind of thing. Is that something the media has made up or is that just a jam session for you?

Avey: I feel like I grew up in that state of mind. Most of the time when I was young I just wanted to be outside and be running around playing games, so I think it's an extension of that. I grew up in a really landscape-y woody area, and I definitely think that is one side of what we do—but then New York is another side with all the chaos.

Yeah, that's why it seems strange that you get this label 'cause you live in one of the biggest urban areas in the world...

Avey: New York just puts a different take on it all.

Panda: We wanna take influences from both; we wanna produce the pastoral landscape feeling, but it's hard to breathe sometimes in New York and that definitely comes through.

Where did the whole "animal" thing come from? The nicknames, I mean.

Geologist: The nicknames all come from different places. I think we all have different stories.

So you are the Geologist: why is that?

Geologist: I did a lot of science in college. I mean, that's pretty much what I've always done, but everyone from New York thought I studied geology—and that was, like, one of the few things I didn't study. And they used to call me Geologist and I just kept it as a nickname.

And Panda Bear? Where did your name come from?

Panda: I can't remember where I came up with it but I used to make these tapes when I was really young and on one of them I drew this panda bear, and from there it's always been Panda Bear.

And Avey Tare?

Avey: Er, Avey Tare? I don't know.

How do you pronounce it?

Avey: 'Avey' is like 'davey' without the 'D'.

I thought it might be a joke on Avatar?

Avey: That's what a lot of people think, but I didn't even know that word when I came up with it.

The idea behind the make-up and costumes is...?

Avey: I mean, like, we're up for anything that sort of happens. We did that as a celebratory way of making music together and the ritual... We're not doing it now—just because we wanted to change it up a little bit. We don't want it to be our thing.

How did you record *Here Comes the Indian*? What kind of equipment are you using?

Panda: A lot of live. We're super into live mixing, seeing what we can do with live mixing. At that time it was four of us playing so Brian and Josh, the Deaken, would do a lot of live mixing. And as far as the vocals go, we each have our own vocal mic, which would either be affected through a vocoder, a Roland keyboard, an analog synth—or even just dry.

Yeah—the best thing about the album is that it sounds like you use technical, modern stuff, but the sound you achieve is very organic.

Panda: I think it's electronic because there's people in the band who are processing the sound of somebody else in the band, but it's organic because we're all playing live together.

Geologist: On *Here Comes the Indian* there's live guitar and drums and keyboards and they're done live in the room, and there's room mics catching it—but those signals also go to my mixer. And the Deaken was also operating. And Panda Bear's drums had contact mics on them, so you'd hear the live sound of the drum, but the contact mic's signal would also go to mixer, which was then affected. There was a lot of sending things different places.

And live, can you always reproduce that sound?

Avey: Not always to that effect, but we came up with most of the material for a live show, like we do with all our stuff. But an album, I think, is something completely different.

Geologist: And we enjoy studio work, too. I made a recording studio in our basement when we were sixteen or seventeen and we've always enjoyed creating stuff in the studio.

And the other question I have to ask is the drug question.

[To which all three let out a groan.]

I mean, there's obviously lots of people out there right now enjoying your music under the influence...

Geologist: Oh, yeah.

Avey: [Laughs]

I've read stuff about how you're all sick of the drug question...

All: Really!

Geologist: That's probably me. It's more because of our parents'—our parents get really angry when they see that...

Avey: I just don't think we want to be a drug band, you know? I wouldn't want to lean towards pushing any angle on the band—like we're intellectual or drug users or whatever.

Panda: People have a good time listening to it whatever they do, so that's cool with me.

It's just that your type of music lends itself to that kind of interpretation and enjoyment...

Avey: I mean, it definitely wasn't made on psychedelic drugs—but, I mean, we had those experiences and learned from them.

Geologist: But even so, I'm always drawn to the type of records that you can listen to sober and it gives you the same experience as if you were on some kind of altered journey. That's always the music that I've wanted to make.

Thanks, I just wanted to clarify things.

Panda: That's all right, it just bothers us. I guess for one magazine we were interviewed for two hours and there were, like, four quotes—and it was just right in your face: "They took acid..."

Geologist: "And that's why they make the stuff they do."

What are the plans for the future?

Panda: I've got a solo record coming out.

Avey: We've got a bunch of things set to come out. The re-issues [*Spirit They've Gone*, *Spirit They've Vanished* and *Danse Mantee*] come out in October; I'm doing one split twelve inch coming out with David Grubbs on FatCat, and we're going to finish mixing Noah's solo record.

What kind of style is that record going to take?

Panda: Pretty much totally different. It's real simple, mostly just me singing and acoustic guitar. [Turning to the Geologist and Avey Tare.] It might change totally—these guys are going to mix it.

[The Geologist nods and makes a mischievous face.] I'm sure it'll

change quite a bit, but the recordings right now are really stripped down.

Geologist: It's a really beautiful record. I've heard the raw mix.

I think that will do. Is there anything else? Are you going to play songs from *Here Comes the Indian* tonight?

Avey: Yeah, that's one thing that's important for us to talk about. I feel that we're always one step ahead of ourselves and our music. [Laughs] I feel like I always say this, but... we're not the type of band that overdoes it, especially out on the road. We like to spend a lot of time writing new material, and we'll go through short time periods of writing stuff and then we'll just give it up. So, basically, after we record a record we don't really play those songs again.

Never again?

Geologist: The only time where we felt we had to was when Danse Mantee was going to come out and we felt like we should play a few songs from it, but we played maybe, like, three.

Panda: It hadn't even come out then.

Geologist: Yeah.

So it's always going to be a new experience seeing you guys, then?

Avey: Yeah, because, for us, live shows should be like that. I think the bands we like to go and see live—it's cool for us that it makes us go, "Whoa, what was that?"

Does that mean that your live show is improvised a lot?

Avey: Not at all. We always have songs we're working on, but once you've finalised them... I mean, there are definitely parts that are improvised—especially how we go into songs. I think it's easy to tell sometimes.

Geologist: We just move really quickly. I mean, when I left the band, I knew when I got back it was going to be nothing like... I left right after *Here Comes the Indian* was recorded, and then the first time I heard them again was on this tour. And what's happened in the last year is totally different.

So it's moved on from *Here Comes the Indian*.

Geologist: Oh, yeah. I mean, *Here Comes the Indian* is all four of us rocking out together.

Avey: It's definitely a simpler sound.

Geologist: It's still pretty out there, though.

Are you going to ever get back together, all four of you?

Geologist: Oh, yeah. The way we do things, music isn't a priority in our lives at certain times. We have to give some breathing room to the people who just wanna go off and do whatever. I mean, I'm really into other things, professionally—and I have, like, school and stuff.

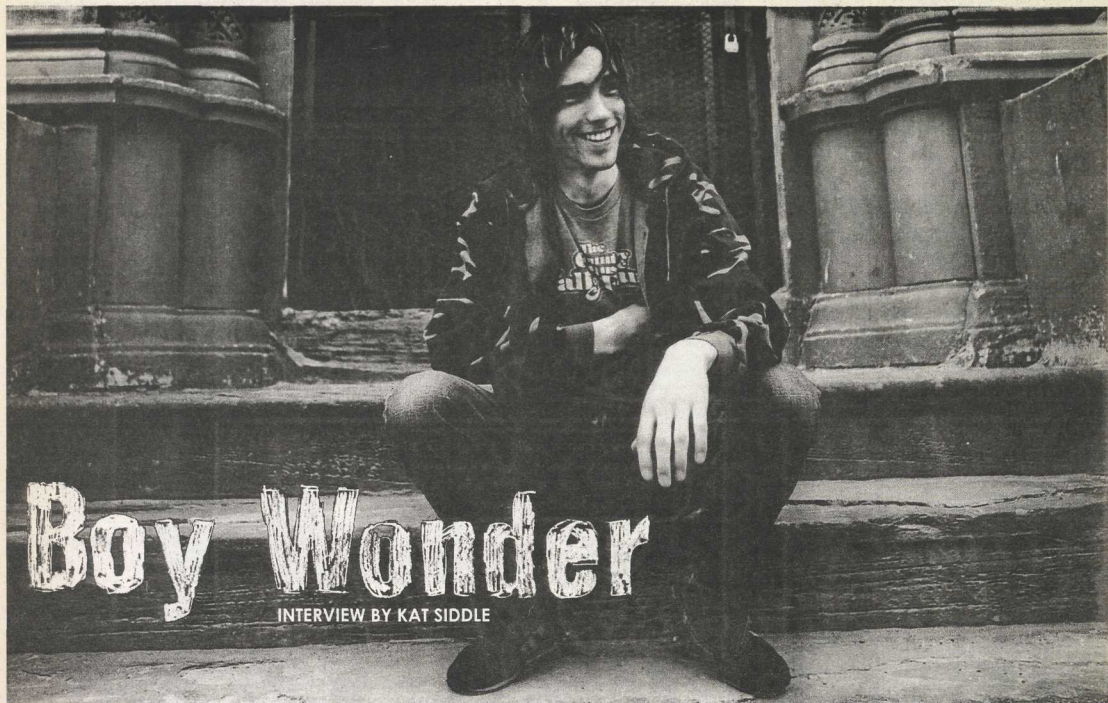
What is your profession?

Geologist: I'm moving to DC when the next session of congress starts and I'm going to be an ocean conservation advisor.

Who for?

Geologist: I'm not sure yet. But I'm a big scuba diver and in the last couple of years it's really sad how dirty things are getting. That's what I want to do with my life: restore the oceans. Sometimes you have to do certain professional things—even if that prevents you from touring or whatever. *





Just who is Boy? Pepper Sands' frontwoman Citizen A might have summed it up best: "He's a fuckin' 19 year old genius from Whitehorse who makes records in his bedroom comparable to anything out there." She made this statement in the *Georgia Straight*, after seeing Stephen Noel-Kozmeniuk's New Music West gig in 2002. A year later, Citizen A isn't the only one praising the now 21-year-old Kozmeniuk: his live performances and self-produced album have stirred up quite a buzz in the Canadian music industry. Not only that, he's also possibly the most punctual musician on Earth. I sent him a slew of questions and then went grocery shopping. By the time I'd put my oranges and tofu away, he'd already sent me his answers. Lovely.

He may be young, but this singer-songwriter has been working on his career for some time. At the point when most of us were languishing in teenage ennui, an underage Kozmeniuk was developing his act in "shitty bars" across the Yukon. When asked about his hometown scene and its influence on him, he writes, "It is very folksy, bluesy, bluegrass, and supportive. Everyone is very close. Plenty of phenomenal players to learn from up there. I have never seen a more loving music community. The R&B scene in Toronto comes close though." He's paid his dues in the provinces, though, spending time in Toronto and Edmonton. A good many of the songs on Boy's eponymous debut were inspired by the year he spent at university in Edmonton. "From the Yukon you are able to step back from and look at the world to truly see it as a spectator," he claims. "I believe you also have to be part of a city just to realize the craziness and stupidity of humanity... but then you have to know when to get the hell out before you turn pink and sour."

Kozmeniuk's talent hasn't always met with support, however. "At school my music teacher once told me that I would never amount to anything musically. That was after she heard me play the recorder. But one day she was sick and her substitute came in and brought a guitar, John Lennon's Imagine, and a Cream album. After that I wanted to play guitar. I started shortly after when I was 13 or 14.... can't remember. Played in a whole shitload of bands. Started out in a punk band, but that didn't really help me develop my chops, so I started playing in blues and soul bands (I love blues and soul music). Then I started filling in on odd projects like guitar and bass for a great folk performer named Kim Barlow. Eventually, he felt the need to stoke out on his own: 'I started Boy when I realized I really wanted to express myself and not have anyone tell me what to do.' Initially, Boy was a duo, but, as Kozmeniuk explains, "the other guy wasn't

into it. He had other things on his mind. Like my girlfriend... hehehe."

This boy may have left punk rock behind, but he retained a punkish sense of DIY. With the help of Pro Tools software, he recorded Alex Murdoch's "Polyphonic" in his bedroom studio in 2001, making it the first release on Speedboat Records. The self-titled debut from Boy followed shortly after. Despite the praise Kozmeniuk has received for his skills as a producer, he still doesn't see himself as one: "As far as I'm concerned I was just fucking around in my room. It's still what I'm doing." When asked why he chooses home recording, he says, "I do it by choice. Started by necessity, though. You don't need a monster fucking studio anymore. That's not to say that I would never use one, but with technology, any schmuck with a computer and half a brain can make something that doesn't sound too bad. Maybe I am that schmuck. Plus, there isn't the hourly rate associated

with it. He had other things on his mind. Like my girlfriend... hehehe."

into it. He had other things on his mind. Like my girlfriend... hehehe."

Initially, Boy was a duo, but, as Kozmeniuk explains, "the other guy wasn't into it. He had other things on his mind. Like my girlfriend... hehehe."

with the bigger places. I like to record as I think of ideas and paying an hourly rate doesn't work well with my methods of madness."

Kozmeniuk's passion for "tucking around" with production—coupled with his original take on pop music—is faintly reminiscent of fellow Canadian Hawkley Workman. The two have already been compared by the media, particularly in terms of their showmanship and songwriting. But it is his fictitious web biography at www.speedboatrecords.net that truly indicates a Hawkley-esque sensibility. Penned by Burt Muston, ("as told by Stephen"), the story starts simply: "There is a certain boy from Whitehorse." It continues like a northern fairy tale: "For fifteen years he was a feral child of the wilderness, the Yukon River his sole provider.... From an early age this boy learned to communicate his thoughts and feelings through a primitive form of music. Whether pounding out an emotive rhythm on a log or stone, or howling crude choruses that smelled of earth, the lofty pines of the river valley rang with his melodies...." The boy eventually opts for a more "unremarkable existence" as a vendor of firewood. He joins a shabby group of touring musicians, who later abandon him "perhaps inadvertently, perhaps not" at a Grande Prairie truck stop. Only then does he start playing the bar scene: "From that day forward he made

way), but one reporter tagged me for ripping off all of his songs. Obviously they never listened to me or him. Beatles comparisons are okay, though. I once got an Avril Lavigne comparison. That one came out of left field. Good for shits and giggles, though."

Avril aside, Kozmeniuk is enthusiastic about the current Canadian music scene: "I think it is an exciting time now. Who cares about the future? I try not to think that far ahead. Lots of great stuff going on right now in Canada like Broken Social Scene, Stars, Platte, Sam Roberts, Gill, Nobody, Motion Soundtrack, Hawkley Workman, Grace Nocturnal, Danny Michel.... the list goes on and on. I guess if I were to look at the future I think more artists are going to stay indie, or go with a label like Molemusic who have a major affiliation. Cut out the fat so to speak."

A summer tour accompanies the re-release of the *Boy* album in early July. Whatever the outcome of this bid for wider recognition, Kozmeniuk's definitely got a fighting chance. He's armed with solid tunes and a hunger for success. Add this to shaggy-haired good looks and a strange sort of Yukon exoticism, and you might just have the recipe for Canada's next indie pop sensation. The fuckin' 21-year-old genius from Whitehorse is potentially on the verge, and I sense that he's more than ready for it. •

Applesseed Cast



INTERVIEW BY SWEETCHEYANNE

This month marks the release of the Applesseed Cast's *Two Conversations*, their first musical offering to the world since the near masterpiece *Low Level Owl* volumes. Listening to these previous releases, there are moments on the albums where the music is so sad and beautiful that it destroys all my senses besides the auditory in a strange numbing effect. I recently spoke to vocalist / guitarist Christopher Critch, what follows are the best parts of our conversation.

DISORDER: My first question is completely stolen, but what is your motivation?
Christopher Critch: Playing music is kind of like its own motivation. It's just fun to do.

In the liner notes to *Low Level Owl Volume 1*, you speak of music as inducing the desired effect. What is this, and how much of your music is created by the responses garnered from it? The desired effect is the feeling you have and you're trying to express that.

Do you ever feel that the audience participates in the music as the "fifth" member of a band?
Oh, definitely. Yeah, that's the greatest thing about it—playing live music—is the response you get.

Do you ever write your lyrics with the intention of bridging the gap between the "you" of the song and the "I" of the audience? Do you intend your lyrics to be applicable to other people, or do you write them based on your experiences?
It is mostly just based on my experience, or a story I am trying to tell. For *Two Conversations* it is half personal, but also half story. It is comprised of many different stories.

Do you think that the story is somewhat created by what people bring to it? For instance, *Two Conversations* is not a complete piece of art until it is received by the public?
[pause] I'm not sure. If it is perceived in the right way, then I totally agree. That is kind of the point, I guess.

Also in the *Low Level Owl* liner notes there is a great deal of explication on how that album was recorded, and how it happened piece by piece. Does playing live because it is happening simultaneously yield a different type of musical experience than what I would get listening to the album?
Kind of...

Is there something born out of the energy of coming together to create

it?
Well, the songs are originally written all together. We didn't write the drums then write the guitars or whatever. So what we put down on tape is just the recording of what we played together. Some of the things, like keys and stuff like that, we do differently live. We try to just use the guitar noises and stuff like that to try and compensate for not using keys sometimes. But to me it is all just kind of the same thing. You record to do a song justice. First you write it and then when you record if you're just trying to make the song as good as it can be on tape.

"When I'm writing and I finish something, and create a new song or whatever I am working on, the reward of that is being able to look back and say, 'Hey, I made that!' That is when I am happiest in life."

Was the recording process for *Two Conversations* the same? Bit by bit like that?
The recording process was a lot more... I paid a lot more attention to smaller details on *Two Conversations*. But otherwise, it was pretty much the same.

Okay. So, I think there is a general tendency of an audience to attach their experience of music to lyrics—maybe because these are the most accessible aspects of song—and allow a reaction of, "Oh, I felt that same emotion once!" However, your lyrics tend to come last, and listening to the Applesseed Cast, the music itself sounds peacefully triumphant, as opposed to the lyrical content which seems destructively sad. Do you think that sadness can be triumphant? Or does your music simultaneously communicate both sad and triumphant messages?
To me the music is pretty sad as well. But I definitely like mixing two things like that together—a bittersweet type feel.

Do you think that that is deliberate?
Well, it is deliberate.

But deliberately in tangent to one another?
Yes. Just for that bittersweet type feel... Like our first album—the music itself was really negative—but after that it was just kind of favourites.

You both sing and design for the band, right?
Yeah.

Where do you, or do you, draw a line between musicianship and that

more physically tangible form of art, like liner notes or cover art? Or is your experience of the Applesseed Cast a combination of both of these things?

To be honest, I am not really an artist—I just put pictures together. I don't really think about the artwork. I know lyrically the theme of an album and try to match the art with the theme of the album. But there is not a line that I draw between them—like a balance or anything.

I was reading...this is a quote from Harry Smith, the man who put together the *Anthologies of American Folk Music*, talking about how

you could go into a musician's home and look at a quilt that they had made and then listen to their music, and he said, "Everything could be figured out regarding their judgement in relation to certain intellectual processes. Like certain things sound good to a person in music, certain things look good to the eye. And at some level those two things are interconnected." Do you think that that is true for you, in those processes?

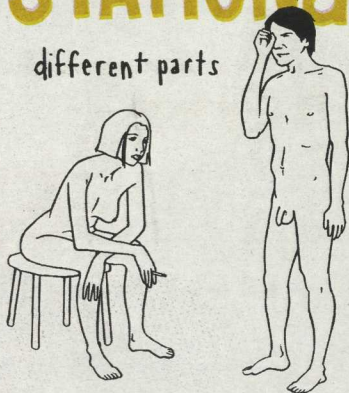
Well, if you were to go into my house, every room is kind of different—my room in particular is kind of bland. There's nothing on the walls and stuff... When I was by myself the whole house was pretty much very utilitarian—there wasn't art hanging on the wall or anything. I had a utility shelf for my TV. So now, with roommates and stuff, the living room has turned into this '70s dungeon look, which I like. To some degree, if you go into... someone who has money to put towards having a lot of art or furniture or furniture, for instance—then I guess you could. But in my case, I just... I was renting a house for too much money a month by myself, barely scraping by.

Do you write for pleasure?
Oh, yeah.

Does art make you sane? Does art serve to help you move through the world? Does it help you make sense of things?
Oh, yeah. It helps me... It definitely... When I'm writing and I finish something—and create a new song or whatever I am working on—the reward of that is being able to look back and say, "Hey, I made that!" That is when I am happiest in life, when I am actually producing and moving forward with it. When I am most unhappy in life is when I'm in a slump or something. When I can't... when nothing sounds good.

STATIONa

different parts



Sean Maxey

"The Design Industry is a Motherfucker"

An Interview with Sean Maxey.

Chances are you've seen Sean Maxey's art around. Maybe you paused to inspect it as you passed a lamppost. Maybe you saw it on the wall of a local record store. Or maybe you woke up after a night of drunken debauchery with it screwed up in your clenched fist, unable to remember how it came into your possession. As for me, I was walking down Main when I passed Red Cat Records and saw a poster in the window which caught my attention. The text, rendered in bright red, said, "Never Ever War." "Hech," I said. "That's right! Never Ever War!" It was around the time of the first strikes on Iraq and it summed up my state of mind perfectly. After that I made inquiries and discovered that the artist, one Sean Maxey, was having a retrospective show at Red Cat (which is still going on, by the way), and I made my way down there. I met the artist (a most affable chap), had a lovely chat, and arranged the interview you're about to read.

I hope you'll agree with me when I say that Sean Maxey is one of those people that makes Vancouver an interesting place to live. Next time you're wandering around, try and pay a bit more attention—you might just see one of his pieces—here's one—peeking out, between the boring billboards and territorial tags. And hopefully you'll stop for a second, much like I did.

DISORDER: So, you make a living designing stuff?

Sean Maxey: Yeah, and illustrating. I have contracts with a couple of agencies 'round town and I try to stay outta the corporate realm as much as I can.

Where did you start? Are you from Vancouver?

Well, I grew up in Chilliwack.

On the "Highway of Tears"?

Yeah.

That's an interesting place.

Yeah, I grew up out there and I guess I just started doing art. I'd draw pictures and stories and narrate them on cassette tape and... It's a real hockey town and I just remember one of the neighbourhood's "hockey dads" asked me one day, "So, all you do is draw?" All the rest of the kids were so into hockey, he couldn't believe I wasn't...

You were never interested in hockey?

Nah, I'm terrible at sports.

So, what brought you to Vancouver?

I went to arts school—Cap College. It was a good program in the early '90s. And I worked in a record store for a while.

Which one?

A&B Sound. I met a bunch of great people through that, and then I just started illustrating.

What for?

Er... well, friends from college just kinda got me doing stuff around—like contracts and agencies—and then I worked in a studio for a year and a half. That was terrible.

Why was it terrible?

Ahh, it was just long hours, you know? Yeah, the design industry is a motherfucker.

Why is that?

Oh, well, it's really cutthroat and, er... I just got out of it. I've just been pretty fortunate to hook up with good jobs and a lot of music stuff locally.

Do you do a lot of that local music stuff for free?

Well, the Nasty On—I did their last City Sick cover—they bought me a car. They bought me a station wagon—an old '77 Country Squire—like a woody. So there's always some sorta token. That was totally sweet.

I really liked that cover...

Yeah, that was a combination of the Mean Streets cover for the Scorsese movie, and Loaded, kind of, by the Velvet Underground.

What other influences do you have?

Well, Dan Clowes for sure. Eightball comics—have you ever read those?

Yeah.

And Pettibone—Raymond Pettibone—who did all the Minutemen covers and Black Flag covers—that stuff's great. And Kätthe Kollwitz.

Which brings us nicely to the first of your posters: what's the story behind the "No War Never" poster?

Well, I have a print of that hanging in my living room. And I couldn't make it to the peace protest—one of the ones going on downtown.

And this was recently—for the war on Iraq?

Yeah, I was feeling ill, so, that was in front of me, her version of it...

How does her version differ?

Well, it's in charcoal. It's the exact same pose, but he's wearing—he's kind of wearing rags—it's early Berlin, 1924, so she did stuff like "Germany's Children are Starving", and social posters.

Was she part of the anarchist movement—or more socialism?

Socialism. Hitler shut her down before the Second World War.

He wasn't big on that stuff, was he?

No. [Laughs] He was an artist, too, though, I think.

Yeah, he used to paint postcards in Vienna. But, getting back to the poster, did you put it up all over the place? I saw it in the window of Red Cat Records and other places down Main.

Yeah, I had a decent amount of contributions that paid for everything. I just sent out an email and we had 500 posters put up the night before the first attack, or whatever it was.

The "Shock and Awe"?

Yeah, [We both laugh—in an "isn't the American government stupid" kinda way—but with a hint of resignation because there would seem to be very little that either of us can do about it.]



So, the red Station A one—that's your band, right?

Yeah, my now-defunct band. Those posters... have you ever read Salinger?

Yeah, pretty much every one. I'm a huge fan.

[Like in] *Catcher in the Rye*—and he's commenting how "fuck" is written everywhere. I was reading that book at the time.

There's also a strong Daniel Clowes influence there, too.

Yeah, pretty much. I dunno. I was just so into *Eightball* that I had this romantic notion that the music of Station A was influenced by Dan Clowes.

What style of music was Station A?

It was loud and there was a lot of guitar. The Doers are acoustic now; Station A was compared to Sonic Youth—kind of aggressive, I guess—dissonant at times.

Do you use models for your posters?

No, that's the thing...

It's straight out of your imagination?

Yeah. Actually, at the moment, I'm doing a portrait of a girl who's doing an art show that's coming up—*Bin Cow*. She came to the art show at Red Cat and asked me to do a poster for her art show. It's kinda weird, but I said that the only way that will work is if I do a portrait of her. Actually, I used models for these nudes here. And, etc. I kinda loosely used myself and then a friend of mine for her and kinda myself for him. And after they got printed and put up this girlfriend of mine said, "Oh, yeah, that's kinda nice—but I really pity that guy. He's got a really small

penis." [Laughs] I mean, it's not an accurate representation of my body, right?

It's smooth, though—I see you're shaved?

Yeah, I wasn't sure whether I was going to use hair; I decided not to. I think that's the only one I've ever modeled. It's funny, 'cause that poster—like the other ones, too, that I haven't modeled—but this one was at the Brickyard when Don Caballero was playing, and the drummer, I guess, really liked that poster—it was up at the back or something—and he said, "Who did this?" And it was like, "Sean did this, and he also did these others," and he was like, "Oh, I can tell he didn't put as much time into these others." So maybe I should use models more often.

He actually asked me to do a Don Caballero cover, so I sent a bunch of stuff off to his address and we sat around and talked about SCTV for a long time—which is where they got their name from—Guy Caballero. So I sent a bunch of stuff off and he never got back to me. I don't know what happened.

And what's the story behind this Doers one? Sniffing glue, eh?

Yeah, yeah. Well, it's an acoustic band, right, so... we don't huff glue.

You don't?

No, but I'm not condoning glue huffing. [Laughs] But I'm not condoning going around writing "fuck" on windows, either. Like, I'd say maybe tag something with something witty. "Fuck" isn't... It's like shit on the sidewalk; it's kinda funny but that's it. •

Sean Maxey's *Retrospective* is on now at Red Cat Records (4307 Main Street; Tel: 708-9422).

FORMERLY 3/4 OF STATION A. THE

DOERS

Summer Music

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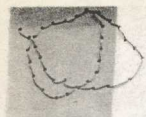
SMOITAT2

THE NASTY ON

WITH THE CHICK MAGNETS

WED. AUGUST 11

BRICKYARD 11



riff raff

Hey pal, why the long face? Oh, you picked up last month's issue and searched high and low for Riff Raff but couldn't find it. Well, uh, you see, I can explain...oh and what happened the month before? Oh, so funny story...well, you actually read the column? I had no idea. Well, thing is...uhh...between being somewhat lazy and a last minute editorial decision to replace yours truly, you, my dedicated follower of vinyl fashion, have had to wait much too long to get your dose. Let's do something about turning that frown upside down...yeah that's right...the platters that matter.

Local synth-punk quartet **atUNARED** will start a riot on the dance floor with their newest release **Electrik**. It'll have the Sanctuary kids, 'ly'know those Sunday night ravers) up in arms and trying to dig up all their old **Skinny Puppy** records instead of whatever "electro-slush" is the current flavour du jour. Both tracks ("It's Your Anthem" b/w "The Electric Blood") give off a **Killing Joke** feel with their strong percussive backbones, but the keyboards also provide the muscle to get the black patchy shoes moving to the sounds, and the vocals evoke a sense of urgency that could have otherwise been rejected for a

delivery that may have been a bit more cold and detached. Take that **Adult!** (Gold Standard Laboratories, P.O. Box 178262 San Diego, CA USA 92177). From the buzz of the future to the jangle of the past, **The Tyde** craft some fine pop music that harkens back to the days of **The Byrds**, but also sits well with contemporaries like **The Apples In Stereo** or at times, **The High Llamas**. "Go Ask Your



Dad" and "Blood Brothers" are a testament to the fact that good, lazy Sunday afternoon anthems are still being written. Rough Trade, Chelsea Hotel, Suite 103 222 West 23rd Street, New York, NY, 10011. Of course the Saturday night before is reserved for **Rocket From The Crypt**, and the new get-up-to-get-down

new vinyl
by bryce dunn



stompers that **Speeds and Co.** are now famous for. Recorded during the Group Sounds sessions with guest drummer Jon Wurster (of **Superchunk**), "On The Prowl" resurrects the main riff from "Slow Down" and greases it nice and thick like the pomade in **Speed's** hair, and the flitside "Come On" is a Harlem shuffle workout punctuated by the ghetto horns of **Apollo 9** and **JCG**. Wrap it up in a sick-ass sleeve courtesy of Neil Cabrera and you've got the 666th release for Long Gone John's anti-corporate empire... (Sympathy For The Record Industry, www.sympathyrecords.com).

I'll spend the other days of the week trying to figure out this four-way battle royal between **The Gossip**, **The Supreme Indifference**, **Erase Errata** and **Steelmule Nightmule**. First off the Olympian trio of Beth, Grace and Kathy weigh in and demolish their way to victory with the rip-shock jammy of "Smoke Appeal" over the star-studded trio of Kim Gordon, Alan Licht and Jim O'Rourke's mess of a song called "A Lick In Time". Sure there's experience and wisdom seeping through every pore, but it's a simple case of whether or not I'd prefer to have my brain or my feet hurt. I'll take feet, thank you. On the other card,

the California girls of **E.E.** lack horns with the Portland ladies of **S.M.N.M.** and to paraphrase **LL Cool J**, "E.gonna knock you out!" with their minimalist 8-5-2-5 style punk track "O.M.S.F.N." **Steelmule Nightmule** come close to winning, but lost me with their girl-meets-spazz-core cut "The V&V Girls". (Kill Rock Stars, PMB 418 120 NE State St, Olympia, WA USA 98501).

Time now for a punk rock history lesson courtesy of **The Doughboys** and a re-issue of their **La Malice** 1987 EP. Before there was **The Promise Ring**, **The Get Up Kids** and the umpteenth other "emo" bands that would saturate the minds of depressed kids everywhere, these Montreal youngsters gave us some pretty sweet punk rock fused with personally infected lyrics, mostly notably on their classic 1987 LP. Whatever, The three songs on this EP ("The Forecast", "Stranger From Within" and "I Remember"), were the original versions before they were re-recorded for inclusion on the album, but these versions have

a slightly more raw and vibrant tone, all backed by singer John Kastner's trademark hiccupping vocal delivery. Not only is this particular piece of punk history worth listening to, but also I can imagine not a lot of these were pressed due to the costs of cutting these tracks onto heavy-duty wax and a cool transparent yellow/orange colour scheme. **Ebay** needs watch out! (Scaminy Records, P.O. Box 21663 1850 Commercial Drive, Vancouver, B.C. Canada V5N 5Y1).

Rounding out the **Hi** episode, melodic hardcore cuts **Boston, Mass.** Two new tunes grace a seven inch on their own label (Tartarus Records, www.tartarusrecords.com) which has

also turned out to be the home for some up-and-coming bands that **The Explosion** believe in and want to be heard. "Original Thought" and **The Crashes** are pure adrenalin rushes of crisp guitar fury backed by drums that don't just sit there; they attack you and grab you by the scruff of the neck. This is back-to-basics hardcore with a nod to forefathers **Mind Throt** but not without melody where it's needed; sharing the spotlight on this release are **The Tonsils**, with the songs "Elephant Man", which sounds a lot like early **Rancid** or **The Clash**, and "Red Sensation" a chart-a-long mid-tempo number that also echoes '77-style punk influences. As my homies on the corner would say, "It's the shiznit, dog!"

GOSSIP



THE SUPREME INDIFFERENCE



the high dials a new devotion

"...smart lyrics and top popcraft...the '60s influence swings more towards the Zombies than the Who...the disc ends on such a high note, such a tease, that waiting another three years for the sequel seems almost tragic."
9/10 - **Montreal Mirror**

"A New Devotion is no less than a classic pop album, an hour of infectious rock'n'roll coloured with lush melancholy." - **Exclaim**

"A refreshing blast of unpretentious power pop...the High Dials sounds fresh off a Merseyside ferry with sweet harmonies, twanging guitars and R&B hooks in retro gems." - **The Vancouver Province**

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August 4 Purple Onion

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Better Than Before

"Put a pinch of the jangle pop and mod rock that The Kinks created into your head, play The Beatles' Please Please Me on your turntable, then hum a Buddy Holly tune out loud. You just may hum a Singles song..." - **Real Detroit**



OUTRAGEOUS CHERRY

Supernatural Equinox

"Detroit's Outrageous Cherry mix old-school acid-eaters (Stones, Byrds, Beatles) with modern genre revivalists (Dandy Warhols, Brian Jonestown Massacre), wrapping their noise-pop in a distinctive psychedelic overcoat. Turn on, tune in, trip out!" - **Rolling Stone**



THE THREE-4-TENS

Taking Northern Liberties

"(Three 4 Tens) ...ramrds its melody into your long-term memory ...trumping the Apples in Stereo at their own retro-fetish game." - **Pitchforkmedia.com**



NEW IMPRINT!

Turquoise Mountain Records is the newly formed Rainbow Quartz Int. imprint. The label will showcase a rootsier American brand of the psychedelic Rainbow Quartz usually presents. Expect more releases later this year, including **The Volebeats** "Country Favorites" LP



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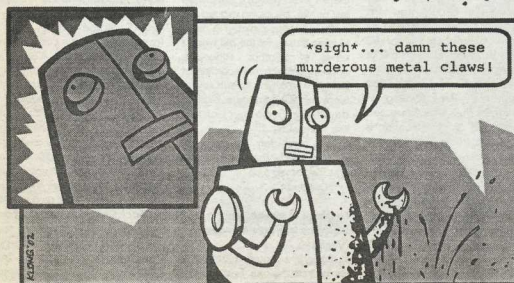
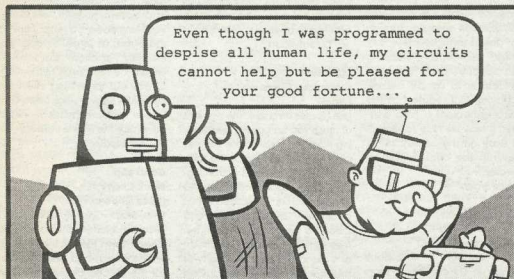
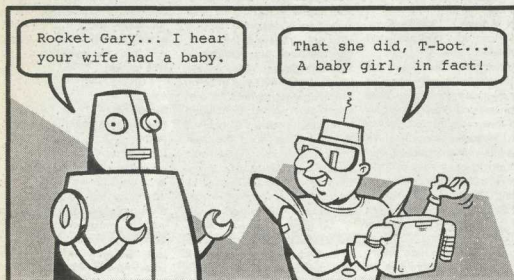
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BY KEVIN LONG



SHiNDig

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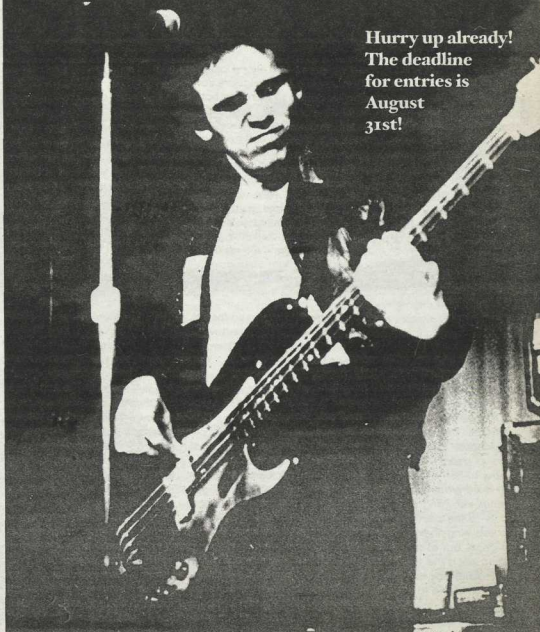
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recorded media

under review



Let Go

Nada Surf
(Barsuk Records)

Call it the class of '96. Local H. Superdrag: the major label one hit wonders. Everyone figured that's all these bands were—so why are they still around? More importantly, why have their subsequent releases been so damn good?

Nada Surf was a member of this illustrious class. The bands experienced a brief stint of popularity with that song about high school where the guy kind of just talks through the verse, but were ultimately dismissed as a novelty act. End of story? Not quite. Since their debut release, Nada Surf has churned out two stunningly accomplished albums of pop-

rock bliss. The latter is Let Go, in which the band sounds more confident in its writing and its influences—notably Cheap Trick, who singer Matthew Caws paraphrases in "The Way You Wear Your Head"—as well as more heady songwriters like Bob Dylan.

Let Go is a strong album throughout. Its songs are varied enough so as not to bore the listener, yet the album hangs together well—despite being recorded and mixed by five different people (including Chris Walla of label-mates Death Cab for Cutie). Though hailing from New York City, Nada Surf stays away from any of the sounds that have recently rekindled that city's music scene. Caws once

described Nada Surf's sound as "the gap between where you know where you are and where you know where you are going," an apt description for this album; Let Go manages to create a sound which transcends genre specificity and time. It could have been written in 1978, 1993, or 2007.

Nada Surf and other bands of their ilk have managed to survive the major label machine through the novel concept of writing strong albums that build on a sound developed in each previous release. With production that sounds both slick and raw, Let Go continues this tradition, providing the perfect soundtrack for all the "...happy kids with the heart of an old punk."

Ian Gornley

The Alaris So Long Astoria (Columbia)

Listening to this CD is like reliving the afternoon when you and four of your best friends (assuming that these four friends are in a band, own their own record and punk store, and cover Don Henley), skipped class in your senior year of high school to go to the beach. But it's been a long time since graduation, and those friends just can't fucking get over it—to the point where you stop returning their phone calls. It's good, but at times So Long Astoria tries a little too hard to be the soundtrack for every 17-year-old. (Cue the fan comment, "It's like they wrote every song for me!") We all know that

"Teenage Riot" so kicked the ass of "In This Diary," but "The Boys of Summer" makes this CD worth obsessing over.

Niki Reitmayer

Cibelle s/i (sixdegreesrecords)

Cibelle came to international prominence as vocalist on Suba's brilliant album Sao Paulo Confessions three years ago. Cibelle finds the young Brazilian chanteuse stepping out on this, her international debut, mining much the same territory as explored by Suba's previous productions. Produced by her apparent to the late producer's throne of Nu-Brazil, Apollo 9, and mixed by Morcheeba's main

men, this release aims at much the same audience that made Bebel Gilberto's Tanto Tempo (also largely produced by Suba) such a surprise summer hit a couple of years ago.

Though not as initially catchy as Tanto Tempo, nor as atmospherically groove-driven as Sao Paulo Confessions—both of which it can't help but be compared to—Cibelle nonetheless captures the imagination in much the same way as its predecessors. Sung in both Portuguese and English in a rather relaxed manner, many of these tracks go down like a cool cocktail on a warm summer's day. Breezy bossanova and sultry sambas lightly wrapped in a heat haze of electronics and smoked funk-lite will certainly appeal to

those looking for a soundtrack to waste many a sun-drenched hour by. Can someone pass me another drink? I'm too lazy to get up right now.

DJ Satyricon

Caillín Cary I'm Staying Out (Yep Roc)

Ryan Adams. Whiskeytown. With that said, I can now start this review.

Alternative country acts are usually labeled as such because their music is in some way more unconventional or less accessible than their mainstream counterparts. However, about the only thing preventing I'm Staying Out from sliding into heavy rotation at J&R FM is its release on an indie imprint. The mid-tempo ballads and warm production values that permeate Cary's album are hardly compelling or original; "You Don't Have To Hide" might as well be playing right now on CMT. Cary's character sketch lyrics of memories, loss, and heartache—while pleasant—fail to stir up much emotion. Though Cary does manage a few truly intimate moments ("Sleeping In on Sunday" and "The Next One" come to mind), overall, I'm Staying Out registers as the musical equivalent of floral wallpaper: it may be nice to look at and easy on the senses, but it fades into the background far too easily.

Nel Braun

DJ Cheb i Sabbah As Far As: A DJ Mix (sixdegreesrecords)

Cheb i Sabbah is a curious anomaly in DJ culture. A man of Algerian birth now in his late 40's who has collaborated with an impressive list of musicians and other artists (Bill Laswell, Psychic TV, Brian Gysin, and Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan to name but a few), he has been DJ-ing long before he became a comp. place. In the last few years, he has released two impressive CDs (Shri Durga and Krishna Lilas) on sixdegreesrecords—featuring Hindustani and Carnatic music traditions that incorporate master musicians within contemporary settings; the result is something far more integrated and satisfying than the usual cut and paste pastiche found in electronic productions that simply sample "ethnic" music.

As far as is not so much a showing of a DJ's mad skills as it is a tasteful selection of comparable musical styles. DJ Cheb i Sabbah weaves a mix of Hindustani, Arabic, and North African-inflected beats and atmosphere—demonstrating in the process their interconnected natures. This cross-fertilization is featured in tracks like Salla by Mackle, where one hears Turkish hip hop, while a remix by Jan Rose entitled "Gwona Impluse" mixes ambient drum & bass with call-to-prayer-like vocals. Meanwhile, Indian multi-percussionists Tilak Gurji's latest experiments with African pop are heard on the track "Have We Lost Our

Dream?"—featuring the voice of Salif Keita. Cheb i Sabbah features some of his own Hindustani and North African-influenced (and previously unreleased) tracks alongside his remixes of the late jazz legend Don Cherry, flutist Paul Horn, and Solace. Also worked into the mix are selections from Najma, Natacha Atlas (singing in French), Sekouba Bambino (Guinea), Talies (Morocco), and the Asian Dub Foundation. Sabbah proves that his next full-length release will focus more on the music of North Africa. His own track, "Pour Matoub", included here gives us some indication as to how this will sound. The overall flow is a balance between irresistible grooves and haunting, ambient interludes as one travels through these various culturally influenced soundscapes.

As far as DJ-mixed CDs go, this is more for the eclectic listener than the all-night party reveler. It also demonstrates that music is truly the universal language by which all cultures can interrelate. That alone makes this a worthy addition to anyone's collection.

DJ Satyricon

Chris Clark Ceramics is the Bomb (Warp)

Like nipples on a sow, the number of artists you can count descending from the belly of the mother pig that is Aphex Twin on the farm that is Warp Records is startling. Chris Clark is one of the newbies. To be fair, each of these artists brings a different sense of form and colour to the mammary arts, but their indebtedness to their mother's glands is clear; swap any of their tracks with any track among the snow ooze that has been coming out of Richard D. James' mind for the past few years and no one would be the wiser.

That's not to say, however, that this lit in! isn't worth a suck (last one for a while—I promise). In fact, each of the six tracks on this EP is a sculpted, decadent gem of the IDM form. Melodies are deftly hammered around like ping pong balls by erotically crunching rhythms; deranged and defused sound effects plummet into the flow of the songs at uncannily precise instants; the welding of IDM conventions to hip hop and drum & bass beats is skillfully pushed forward, without slipping into the banalities that afflict either of those forms today; there's even a funky xylophone line or two, bouncing around like a silly, oblivious piglet. No need to listen closely for the old swine's sense of humour, either—the answering machine recording of people with British accents saying funny things is right there, plain as day, for the enjoyment of IDM kids worldwide.

No rest for the wicked, indeed. May the Boss Hog of IDM's legacy live on.

Donovan

Fountains of Wayne Welcome Interstate Managers (Virgin)

I thought I could blame Ric Ocasek for this one. I swore I saw

his handprints all over it. Forgive me, I've had a bad month. I was promised gold three times. What did I do for you? Grandaddy and the Dandy Warhols into such a drooling state? And you, Fountain! You naughty, naughty boys—with your 16 rates of urban bore-mania, are lucky I didn't have to pay for this one. You know what? It's not worth it. Let's just say it was formulaic and safe and dull and now it's time for bed.

Chris-A-Riffic

Lisa Gerrard Whalerider Soundtrack (4AD)

This is a soundtrack in the purest sense: 40 minutes of ambience that create an effective backdrop, but hardly stand as a separate work. To those who wish to make dramatic films about marine mammals, I would say: "Go with Lisa! She really knows how to work that lonely-whale-synth thing." Playing this album will make a mess room in a basement suit feel like a vast, undersea cavern. But to the public at large, I would say it's only for those days when Enya is just too damn stimulating. Check out something else from Gerrard's oeuvre—like Dead Can Dance's Spleen and Ideal—or just go watch the movie instead.

Kat Sidle

Goldtrap Black Cherry (Mule Cooperation)

With Black Cherry, Goldtrap's second full-length, the English duo depart from the wintry world of Fell Mountain and head straight for the electro cabaret. On just over half the songs, Alison's cool siren vocals are grounded firmly on the dancefloor by dark synths and disco horns. The rest are slower, lushly crystalline constructions that peak with the sixth track, "Hairy Trees". While these two sounds don't really mesh, the album is held together by an almost camp sexuality that belies its slick surface. Whiplash beats snap over organic shifts and fills, while the lyrics issue more explicit demands. The final song is the least radio-friendly, starting with an ominous rumble of synths that quickly moves into S&M dungeon camp.

It's a good album, but it could have been better. While all the dance tracks are pretty good, they're good in the same ways. A few songs stand out—"Train", "Tip Toe", "Hairy Trees", for example—and a couple—like "Forever" and "Black Cherry"—could have been left off. But the best songs aren't! Much better than the decent ones, and the worst ones aren't that much worse. By "Strict Machine"—as catchy as it is—things are starting to sound a bit monotonous. While this repetition of sonic motifs can sometimes make an album a better work as a whole, on Black Cherry, the slower, more ethereal songs interrupt any sort of groove that the dance tracks get started. It's good to see that Goldtrap has the guts to try



The High Dials
A New Devotion
(Rainbow Quartz)

The act of choosing a good band name sucks—just ask the Montreal mod-pop quartet **The High Dials**. Their first kick at the can as **The Datsuns** caught the attention of a certain hard-rocking New Zealand outfit. Through the simple amendment of adding the number four, they thought they could solve their problem. Not so, as fans would affectionately now want to call them **The D4**—yet another New Zealand combo came calling and asking even nicely for them to change their name again. So they did, and now, in the next chapter of their frustrating attempt at solidifying a permanent, non-New Zealand

friendly moniker, a recent visit to the High Dials website sees a letter written by ANOTHER New Zealand band with the same name just informing the Montreal group that, "hey, its cool we have the same name, but maybe you'd consider changing it?" To which I'm sure by this time the Montreal foursome is saying, "NO FUCKING WAY, MATE!" With that sentiment expressed, an album is made, and the result is a conceptual voyage of self-discovery on behalf of the fictional protagonist—Silas—and simultaneously echoed in the evolution of the group themselves. Much in the vein of other musical odysseys like **The Who's Tommy**, **The Small Faces' Ogden's Nut Gone Flake**, or **The Pretty Things'**

S.F. Sarow, **A New Devotion** needs a lot of attention paid by the listener (8 tracks clocking in at just over an hour), but in the end it's an enjoyable ride. Musically, **The High Dials** have shed some of their mod influences last seen on 2000's **Feel** for more sixties-style pop and psych sounds, more lush arrangements, and exciting new instrumentation (listen to "Things Are Getting Better" for ample use of star and tablas). Things do seem to be getting better for **The High Dials**, and this record is a hopeful and inspiring progression in a style that it's not always easy to master. Thankfully, for this reviewer, it accomplishes both.

Byrce Dunn

which demonstrates the wide range of MacIsaac's influences while still maintaining a coherent Celtic feel.

The fast, step-dancing rhythms certainly got under my skin and got me moving. Of course, that could just be 50%-Celtic DNA affecting my bias, but what the Hell? Ashley MacIsaac is a great disc with fun music.

Vampyra Dracula

Magic Ass
Confessions Of A Rocker
(Bush Party Records)

Confessions of a Rock Fan:

"I'm listening to generic pop rock, yeah/Rocking out in mediocrity, uh, uh/You can fill in the blanks in every song, yeah/And it's not that bad, but not that good either."

Patrick Finlay

Morning Star
My Place In The Dust
(D7 Recordings)

Upon first listen to **Morning Star's My Place In The Dust**, it immediately became my new favorite album. I own nothing else like this; there is no logical reason why I should find myself so absurdly drawn to these sounds—except for the fact that that is what good music does to you. It is a primal answer to animalistic intuitions, and I cannot remove this CD from my player.

At the heart of **Morning Star** is one Jesse D. Vernon of **Moonflowers** and **Invisible Park of Hands** (an earlier incarnation of **Morning Star**). Though the ideas remain mostly his own, he recruits other artists as accomplices for the performance. One could not tell for listening, however. These songs are smooth—flowing in the most lazy of fashions from head

to toe of an audience. His voice is one that wants to tell secrets, to seduce with dance and the knowledge that every image is temporary. I want this music, and this man, cheek-to-cheek for one night only in the romantic back streets of an unfamiliar place. Vernon could be a lover that I have always only dreamt of in the faintest of ways. The images of such composition are immediately recalled with the sound of his voice, somehow implying the hazy dog days of summer and the possibilities that lay within such an itching.

My Place in the Dust will take you far away from Vancouver, to a place where every note is languidly played out (which has no choice in its reflection), the delivery not in an explosion, but in the foreshadowing itself. This music is to be enjoyed fleetingly, notes important only in themselves, beautiful with or without what came before or will follow. But the most wonderful thing of all is that as a whole this album can immerse a listener, interesting and emotional enough to play out all that it promises.

sweetcheyanne

Motion City Soundtrack
I am the Movie
(Epitaph)

Epitaph? This band is on Epitaph? Home of **The Dropkick Murphys**, **Bad Religion**, and **Guttermouth**? Maybe it's the mood—or maybe it's the clear, melodic vocals—but this comes as a bit of a surprise to me. Aside from this initial shock, **Motion City Soundtrack's** latest release (and first release on Epitaph), **I am the Movie**, is an album that can be fittingly labeled as "charming." The charm goes beyond the oddity

folded print-on-plastic booklet and the interesting blend of flowers and burning on the cover art. The songs on this album—namely "The Future Freaks Me Out" and "Perfect Teeth"—blend rock music, synthesizers, and singer Justin Pierre's wide vocal range to create a sound that makes the listener forget about the simple lyrics and just sit back and enjoy the sound.

Kimberley Day

The Planet Smashers
Mighty
(Stamp)

I can't deny it. All this CD made me want to do was sit in the sun and smoke a joint. It was the best fifty minutes and thirty-seven seconds I've spent all week.

Niki Reilmayer

Requiem
Car Paint Scheme
(Warp Records)

In true minimalist fashion, **Requiem** makes the glitch act meet you halfway to the dance floor. Stripping away all the fluff, **Car Paint Scheme** remains beautifully underproduced—allowing for a primal connection of electronics and hip hop.

The music essayist Rob Young, in his **Worship the Glitch** (*Undercurrents*, 2002), explains the glitch as "the residue, detritus, fading light, the dead skin of industrial standards" and "ticks and cracks (that) are wounds—reminders of the frailty, mortality and imperfection of human endeavors."

Contained within this frailty, **Requiem** has given us horror, empowerment, and bare-bone funk. These are tracks to lay your life down into, your thoughts filling in the digital lacerations.

Patrick Finlay

a new direction, however, and I'm definitely curious to see what evolves from here.

Kot Siddle

In Medias Res
Of What Was
(Independent)

In Medias Res are not in it to blow you away, just to make you understand. The four-piece's album **Of What Was** is one of this year's most impressive local releases, largely due to its affecting sincerity. They have something to say—not just lyrically—but musically as well. The work both begins and closes with hushed compositions, intertwined with conversely more up tempo, "get off your chair" numbers. They can certainly rock out (is there no better term?) with the best of them, but in **In Medias Res'** talent lies in evoking a response in the listener.

The music varies in movements, with busy drumming, supportive bass lines, and intricate guitar playing complementing the songs rather than distracting from them. Infrequent touches of piano and cello impressively accentuate a few tracks, yet occasionally the vocals are indelible. This is not bothersome, as what's ultimately delivered are sweet melodies that deserve

attention—and when the words are obvious, the overall message is clear: these four young men have felt as much joy and pain as the rest of us. This is what we are to understand, and it's worth it, for it's what music is all about. **Of What Was** is an album that improves with each listen, as each song becomes more layered and more engaging. With a live show that is both tender and a release, **In Medias Res** is a band to get behind.

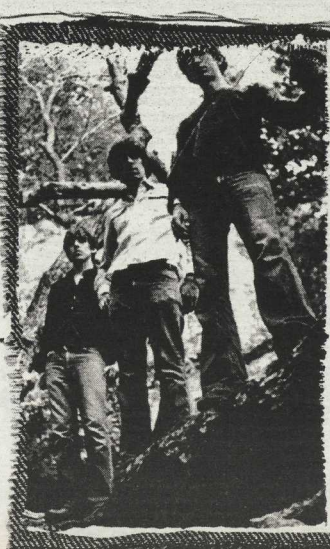
Kevin Scofield

Ashley MacIsaac
s/t
(Decca Records)

On pretense of getting in touch with my Celtic roots, I picked up the latest album from **Ashley MacIsaac**. I have to admit, it sounds pretty much as I expected a CD of modern fiddle music to sound, but I'm not selling it short.

MacIsaac's music could be described as existing where Acadian meets alterna-rock, with some country, rock, and pop sensibilities thrown into the mix. The point is to showcase MacIsaac's fiery fiddling.

I thought the best tracks were the defiant "Fairy Dance" and the high-energy traditional Celtic "Bag An Logan," but I thoroughly enjoyed the whole of this disc,



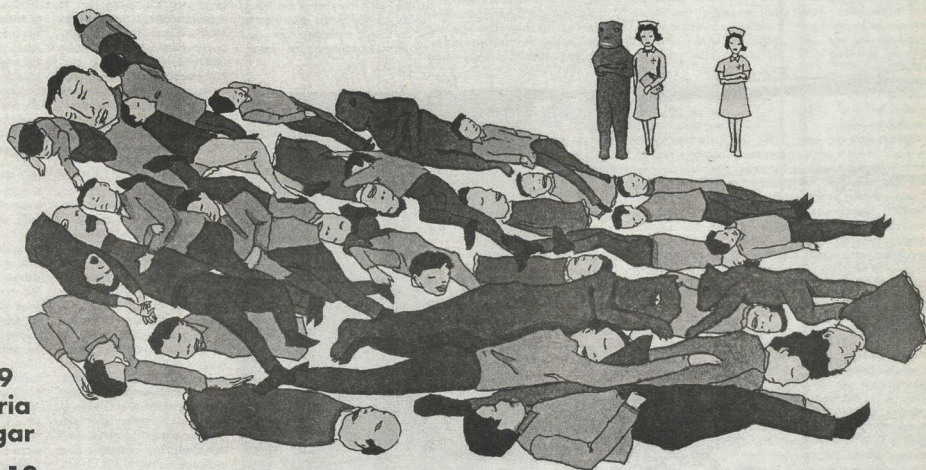
Dead Meadow
Shivering King and Others
(Matador)

They hail from Washington, D.C., and **Fugazi's** Brendan Canty produced this album, but don't expect any punk rock from **Dead Meadow**. Billed as a "power trio," they churn out vast and convulsive psychedelic rock with obvious nods to **Led Zeppelin**, **Black Sabbath**, and **Blue Cheer**. Their sound is thick and heavy and smothered under clouds of stoner-rock tradition, but they don't succumb to cliché, and with three albums' worth of experience under their belts, they play with a confident authenticity that would do their influences proud. Jason Simon's fantasy-laden lyrics are frequently hard to discern, as his high-pitched moan is often buried deep in the mix, coated in reverb, and submerged contentedly below the brooding drones and fuzzed-out wah-wah solos that dominate the album. The pace is sluggish, but the band knows their limitations; after five tracks of sludgy, hypnotic riffery, they switch up the pace and roll into the gentle acoustic interlude of "Waylars' All"—before roar-

ing back into bloodgeoning distortion on "Good Moon." The title track is another acoustic ballad, expansive and sleekly melodic, evoking the bittersweet, westbound departure of Tolkien's Elven war-ships, and it begins winding the album down. **Dead Meadow** meanders through two more brief acoustic tracks before unleashing "Rise the Sails," the album's magnificent finale, replete with blissed-out drones, spacey keyboards, and Simon's most gorgeous vocal performance yet, an echoed, soaked croon that blends seamlessly with the escalating wall of virtuosic noise as the band's trademarked mighty riffs take the helm once again. **Dead Meadow** prove that looking to the past doesn't have to mean recycling it, and their unique take on '60s and '70s psychedelic rock is rewardingly informed by the last 30 years of music as well—lying in stonks of metal, experimental drone, and spacious post-rock (in addition to the like-minded psychedelia of **Spiritualized** and **Bardo Pond**), emerging as a triumphantly well-rounded tribute to the ongoing appeal of music to take drugs to, soalan

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Yo La Tengo
The Clean
June 15

Vogue Theatre
I've waited to see **Yo La Tengo** play Vancouver for quite some time: in the six years since they last played Vancouver, they've played Seattle at least three times. And yet, despite my anticipation, I wasn't all that excited to see the show. I had a really bad cold and YLT was touring their worst (or, rather, least-enjoyable-for-me) album in years. The prospect of listening to a band I love play a song as awful as "Georgia V's to Yo La Tengo" (from their latest album, *Summer Sun*) held tremendous potential for sadness. Opens the **Clean** did a good job of easing the crowd into the show. I'm not too familiar with their records, but the live trio from New Zealand sounded like the Yo La Tengo of yesteryear: rocking, groove-oriented music that built up slowly. They fit into the bill very well and were received quite well by the audience. Starting off with the soft, meandering melody of "Beach Party Tonight," Yo La Tengo had me worried; is this what I had to look forward to for the next hour and a half? My fear was short-lived as the next song took

a major tempo change. Not to disparage their slower, more ethereal songs, but I prefer it when **Irma, Georgia, and James** kick it. I hold their 1997 album *I Can Hear the Heart Beating as One* as sacred and those songs, which tend to be a bit more straightforward and lively, were the ones I was excited to hear. And I did get to hear a few of them: "Stockholm Syndrome," "Deeper Into Movies" and "We're an American Band." (I'm told that "Autumn Sweater" was played towards the end of the show but, my cold having overtaken my desire to listen to music, I had left by that point.) Not surprisingly, the songs from *Summer Sun* sounded much better live, making the whole show pretty good—although "Georgia vs. Yo La Tengo" was still brutal. As live performers, Yo La Tengo were amazing, playing three encores, lasting two and a half hours, and taking several requests. Their stage banter was also commendable, as it scored major points for lamenting the sad deterioration of Bryant "Big Country" Reeves' physique (Do you remember the Grizzles?). It was quite a wait to see Yo La Tengo, and while it wasn't quite the dream show I had been

hoping for, I was still taken by the band's incredible musicianship and intensity. Too bad it isn't 1997.
Duncan

EST
Soul Berson Quartet
June 22
Vancouver East Cultural Center
This concert opened up with a set of Middle Eastern-inspired experimental jazz from Vancouver's own **Soul Berson Quartet**, which featured **Soul Berson** on alto sax, **Tony Wilson** on guitar, **Paul Baney** on acoustic bass, and **Kim Dawley** on accordion. Yes, accordion. Their set consisted mostly of songs from their new CD, *Not Here Not Now*. Though the songs were very much improvisational, their influences ranged from blues and rock to European folk music to Spanish and Jewish and Middle Eastern styles; these influences were blended wonderfully to create a cool, free-flowing hybrid. These influences showed up in the titles as well: apparently, the first song was called "Middle Class Dance"—a poke at the way composers have always created dance music for peasants. Berson enjoys playing with overtones, color, and timbre—getting into sounds that seem to quiver together over ostinatos. I could

often hear microtone exploration and variations on tuning used to achieve differing effects. Being mostly familiar with Berson as part of **Hard Rubber Orchestra**, it was a real treat to hear his own music. After the **Soul Berson Quartet's** humor-filled set, it was time for the headliners, **EST**. Sweden's **EST** (**Estbjörn Svensson Trio**) came back to Vancouver to be greeted by a very vocally enthusiastic crowd; it would seem that many of them had seen **EST** at last year's Jazzfest and had eagerly awaited their return. And so they have begun the process of creating a huge buzz over here like they already have in Europe—a well-deserved buzz, I might add. Pianist/bandleader **Estbjörn Svensson**, bassist **Dan Berglund**, and drummer **Magnus Öström** played a wonderful set of their "European New Jazz," mixing acoustic jazz with rock, funk, blues, art music, and drum & bass influences. They played with extended techniques on their instruments, also processing the sounds of their acoustic instruments. Svensson's piano was hooked up to a guitar effects box via a number of microphones, so we got to hear his piano with a "wah wah" effect—distortion, overdrive, echo, etc.—as he played, and mixed these distorted limbs alongside the "normal" piano sounds. Very interesting, and Svensson was sure to acknowledge their soundman as the fourth member of the band. So, like Berson, **EST** relies heavily on sound experimentation and timbral variations. It all worked

well, though. **EST** have a habit of starting off their songs quietly and slowly, usually with a solo, and then building in texture, density, and intensity up to a climax, or then either stopping dead at that point, or dropping off, coming back up in tension, and dropping back again. It was interesting to see and feel how they worked with this energy to their advantage. They were enthusiastically received, getting two standing ovations before the show was over, and screaming cheers from the crowd the likes of which I've never heard at a jazz concert. If you missed them, have no fear: the show was recorded for broadcast on CBC Radio 2, and I'm sure after their reception this time they'll be sure to return next year.
Vampyra Dracula

III
Out Hud
June 28
Richard's on Richards
At a recent show in Vancouver, the lead singer of the headlining band announced to the enraptured-but-seated crowd that the next song would be the last of the set. "So," he exhorted emphatically, "you can go crazy now." Promptly, several people stood up and shuffled toward the stage, then stopped. A few diehards shoved their hands in their pockets and began nodding rhythmically. One marauder began leaping like a madman. And so it goes: another rock band had failed, utterly, to make Vancouver dance, in a city known worldwide for its marijuana; touring groups must be confused to find audiences acting like they're on horse tranquilizers. Opening **III's** latest Vancouver tour stop, **Out Hud** faced no different arm-crossing, Merciless programmed beats, slithery bass, dueling keyboard waves, and a few semi-choreographed dance routines seem to be among the keys to the foot locker in which Vancouver keeps her dancing shoes. Cellist **Molly Schmitt** smoothed the edges of the angular line signatures, and the crowd showed its appreciation with rhythmic claps and, lo, movement of the feet.

III, a larger band that shares some of **Out Hud's** membership, brought a little less melody and a lot more rhythm to the stage, courtesy of dozens of drums and a sizable number of electronic elements. **III** makes music accessible enough to make even the most stoic bartender pour overpriced drinks to the rhythm, but complex enough that even the biggest post-geek from **GTR** wipes off his glasses to pay attention. With every member of the group relating between instruments to play endlessly diverging and converging lines, the **III** disco juggernaut had the sweet crowd in the palms of the band's 16 hands. If not a group with a name and sound as exuberant as **III**, then what band could get someone other than that one drunk guy in the hockey jersey to get down?

Any small complaints, though? Sure, thanks for asking. Although fusing electronic devices with live instrumentation yields great results for these two groups, it's always disconcerting when a band stops playing and the music keeps going, with everyone onstage staring at each other while a collection of gadgets in the corner does a solo. Thankfully, these moments were few, for **III**, and the crowd's attention was usually diverted by lead vocalist **Nic Ofter's** dancing, which was mesmerizing if nothing else. It's hard to be shy about dancing when the most spastic rump-shaker in the house is begging you to join him.
Michael Schwandt

Spoon
Joel RL Phelps
July 11
Richard's on Richards
I have this friend whose musical judgments I sometimes trust; he actually makes music and therefore is one step up on the authority meter—I feel it is only appropriate to at least listen to what he has to say. A few months back he gave me **Spoon's** *Kill The Moonlight* in a "you-HAVE-to-have-this-album" gesture. My response was middling, but I thought that giving **Spoon** a chance at a live show would be the least I could do, especially since I have since moved away from this friend and the reminiscence feels good. The live show was one **Joel RL Phelps**, as I was incredibly informed by a fellow attendee. Apart from hearing his name in the ether of musical gossip, I admit my ignorance. Seeing **Phelps** perform, however, I was not really sure why I had. To fabricate a metaphor for his entire performance, **Phelps** did the whole thing seated, saying "Sorry I'm sitting down. It's because I'm old." But the guy is not even old at all. Not to mention the strange dynamic that having bass as sole man standing creates—which is too easy an escape when trying to explain the seeming lack of unity between the three players who were up on stage. **Spoon**, contrarily, looked like they were having fun. They jumped up and down, smiled lots, and laughed out loud. I could even see them making eyes at one another, communicating assumed musical secrets. This made for a good-spirited rock show—though pretty typically what one would expect and not blowing any minds—although my reason was teased by the sight of the band—not that appearing as I had always imagined: an incongruent reality. **Spoon** gave the audience one good-hearted encore and on our ways we went, back to life exactly as it was before.
sweetcheyanne

Marilyn Manson
Cristal Pital
July 11
Orpheum Theatre
Full Moon. How appropriate for a night that saw both **Marilyn Manson** and **Cradle of Filth** visit our fine city to shake things up

Blur
June 21
Vogue Theatre
It wasn't even 9 pm yet, and **Blur** had already played their first song of the evening, "Ambulance." I was standing in the midst of a hotly sweaty yet completely mesmerized crowd that consisted largely of women in their twenties or even late teens, some with hapless boyfriends who had to watch their girls' eyes firmly fixed on two of the guys on stage: **Damon Albarn** and **Alex James**. People sitting upstairs in the balcony looked bored. Second song into the set, when the stand-in guitarist **Simon Tong** (of ex-Verve fame) began playing the monotonous yet eerily seductive intro of "Be-Ste-bum," I thought to myself, "no way, it's not right. It's supposed to be **Graham Coxon's** part. It's just not the same without the shy guitarist, the 'Graham' that 17-year-old me once proclaimed to be my 'favourite Blur' (a la your 'favourite Beetle') when I was a college freshman with cut-out **Blur** interview and pictures from the *Melody Maker* [oh, the good days] on the walls of my dorm room. Five years later, **Coxon** is no longer in the band, and I thought I too would have moved on. I thought the **Blur** show would now only be a nostalgic—yet calm—homage to my teenage obsession with Brit-pop. You know—I would just be a



sort of 'observer' watching them and their 'new fans.' How wrong. It hasn't changed. **Albarn**, the one-time King of Britpop [now father of a 5-year-old girl], appeared on stage in a gray blazer and wore his trademark boyish smirk throughout the show when he wasn't singing. He danced, performed the compulsory water-spraying of the crowd, and mumbled things I never understood but everyone else apparently seemed to find funny. You could just see that he was still his old extremely confident self, the boy who never wanted to grow up, who sang about what "rubbish" modern life was ten years ago, and who genuinely enjoys all the adulation from fans. The music was everything you expected it to be. "Girls & Boys," **Blur's** 1994 classic from a time when danceable beats from rock bands were rare, still made you bounce and sweat like mad: "Sweet Song" saw the band's earnest, quietly reflective side; and "The Universal" (a song "we haven't played for ages") was probably alone worth the ticket price for many people. When I got home, I put on "For Tomorrow," a song that, incredibly, is already ten years old, and contemplated whether I should schedule my East Coast trip around their Montreal show. Just like what I would have done without hesitation five years ago.
Pricilla Chen

a bit. I laid my bet on Manson.

Manson has returned to his old policy of hiring local bands to open for him, and the lucky Vancouver act this time around was **Crystal Pistol**, a glam/goth metal outfit. They probably weren't feeling so lucky after they got onstage, though, as 95% of the crowd had a "fuck you we want Manson!" attitude, with the requisite jeers. This was quite unfair to Crystal Pistol, though, as they did an admirable job at an impossible task, and they did seem to win over a little more of the crowd with each song in their short set.

I like to pretend I'm an impartial reviewer, but I must admit I'm out of this loop and hadn't heard of these guys—but they made a good first impression. This is the kind of music I raised myself on, so it was right up my alley. Sure, the songs have somewhat clichéd lyrics, with titles like "Live Fast Die Young" and "Teenaged Parasite," but nonetheless I like their sound and attitude. Lyrics improve with age, anyway.

After the intermission, it was time for Manson. The Orpheum's ornate elegance was a great setting for the Weimar-inspired Grottesk Burlesk show, and the fact that another of Manson's current influences is vaudeville made it even more perfect that the venue was an original vaudeville house. As for the show itself, it was a stripped down version of Marilyn Manson—mostly new material, a much simplified performance from his earlier work, making more use of scrim than sets, and, of course the now familiar dancing girls in their fascistic uniforms and fake genitalia. Manson himself was the same as ever—high intensity performances and sardonic wit in his commentaries. One of the few props used was a giant inflatable Manson head with Mickey Mouse ears and blackface makeup, which I suspect would give the little kids in the balcony some nightmares. Yes, little kids—I have it on good authority that there were kids as young as seven up there with their parents. There's a strange audience for the man so maligned by the family values freaks.

There was no encore to follow the 90 minute set, perhaps because keyboardist Madonna Wayne Gacy busted his hand, or perhaps because it's just not part of the Manson milieu anymore. All in all a good show. *Vampyra Draculae*

Eels
MC Honkey
July 13
Richard's on Richards
Forgive me for comparing this concert to the Spoon concert I saw two days before, but it was interesting to see all my CIR buddies at one show and not the other. They could be onto something, because as eager as I was to see the odd and masterful "E" take to the stage, I kept wishing there were more chairs at Richard's on Richards.

Just a little about the opening act, **MC Honkey**, is a guy who reminded me of when my Grandpa Elmer DJed in the '40s

before the Nazis confiscated all his gear. He was a portly, bald, pipe-smoking—and apparently music—gentleman with a champagne and a thirst for deep dance hot grooves. He simply went to his decks, did his half hour set, and left. We were amused; he tipped his hat to us, tipped off his jacket, set it on fire, and then did a two-minute backspin on the coat to put it out... I wish!

So **Eels** frontman Mark "E" Everett came through the crowd and delighted us all. Then he played songs from his new album, **OUCH!**—did-I kid? "Dog-Faced Boy," "Souleater," and "Novocaine for the Soul" were played with passion and super-ness. However, I expected more from a guy who hasn't been around these parts for seven years. It was good, but was it Spoon good? Actually, I kind of thought Spoon sucked, too. *Chris-A-Riffic*

Nina Nastasia
Joel RL Phelps
July 21
The Royal

Nina Nastasia is one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen. Something about the way she was placed alignment from bottom to top, the way sandals expose a tattoo only assumed to come from a past life, and the way her hair was as a crown. And all of this just as she brushed past—an off-guard beginning to her whole affair. Be it a beginning in the middle, as it were, as **Joel RL Phelps** occupied the stage before **Nastasia** even stepped through the door. Going into this set with a bitter taste in my mouth, I noticed immediately that this evening was not to be a repitition of past experience. Despite the fact that Phelps is (by his own admission) old and tired, he roared with a guttural energy that I had not known him for. Though many pieces could have been each other, they appeared to have a silver of Phelps in them; Phelps brilliantly read by his sole (percussive) accompaniment. And one thing that cannot be disputed about Phelps is that his audience seems to unquestioningly adore him—obscure sometimes, but I do eagerly. Please let the quiet parts remain in silence for there are truths there also... [take that, Christa...Ed.]

Kneeling to reconfigure, all the intimate details and speaking to men who could have been of an old world religious order, **Nastasia**, then, was breathtaking in a sense an older generation would have reserved the claim for. So much of her performance seemed strangely out of time, from her physical embodiment to the way her voice weaved in and out of the many strings, twisted air, and invisible pulse of the music itself. **Nastasia** told us stories, but ones not her own, only that this is her craft and she comes to it with a blood rich in the iron of earth. The voice of these tales was not restricted to her own—strings spoke volumes in subtle delicacy. She had the most melancholy

accordion player ever, one of many tokens of a music rich with explosions in places you'd least expect, like a sadness that forces tears before you can even realize that you have been overcome. And I surrendered at the end of the evening to the arms of my lover, and to a night full of delicious dreams. Waking to recognize how fitting my denouement was. *sweetcheyanne*

The Immortal Lee County Killers II
The Gung Hos
The Sweet Fuck Alls
July 27
The Brickyard

How could the sweltering night collapse, when all the children testify? I'll lay it down right now to get it out of the way. **The Gung Hos** put on a perfectly nasty and raw set. They let loose and held the attention of a rather eager and expectant crowd. **The Sweet Fuck Alls** played a little too rock star for my refined and cultured tastes, but they acted like they couldn't give two shits on a Sunday. So, if for nothing else, I bow down to their resolve. I'm here to spread the gospel like so much wild fire through the dried out hills; we'll let it catch and dance by the light of this world in glorious, reaching flames. The gospel will awaken the meek to the rap-

ture of the unhinged and brilliant twosome, turning all the children into Apostles. See, when you follow the Killers you walk with your brothers and sisters, you all walk with that fire in your eyes and that sound in your heart. This more than anything brought a grasping and sweetly smile to my face. **The Immortal Lee County Killers II** seem to have a soft spot for the relics of the street and the freaks that dig them into the beyond. They stood on the stage as some racy, near-vaudevillian busker damned and endeared. The Killers stood silent, grinning—then, to let him know his time had come, **Cheetah** hit that string. Every song was a rumbling, screeching fury, and the beauty is that everything was brutally spontaneous (save for the ranting performance of the **Token One**: he is truly all the amp. **Cheetah** gives birth to guitar menace like he's building an army of sound. Let him take his hold on you, and while you stand there—stuck-jawed, stupefied—in

stomps the **Token One**, then the only question is who's gonna take control when that boy finally lets loose with all that fire inside? He stood on that kit exposing us to the word of the Killers; he wanted to reach our souls to let us know that the so-called dark side really holds all the light and divinity. Anyone else would have been heckled—not **Token**; he spoke of the heart from the heart and no one fucking thought of laughing. Those of us there witnessed righteousness arm and arm with thunder; we witnessed a show with two of the most serene and surreal moments I've ever been fortunate enough to see. One was **J.R.R.** taken taking on a **Leadbelly** tune as he stood leaning into the crowd—all wild voice and southern goshic charm. The other was **Cheetah**, solo—breaking down a tune so mournful and forlorn it sounded as though he would collapse; the night had left him sweat drenched in the blue light. As he trailed off, I'm certain all that held breath in the crowd was released in one gasp of respect. Let your mothers and fathers, go on and testify, tell them there's no church can hold you, now—not anymore, not after you saw The Killers on a Sunday. *Derek Sterling Boone*

Sugar refinery eleven fifteen granville st avg listings

1. G-Bros
2. Aiko Shimada
4. Grehen Elsoner
showcloser 5-9
10:00 - Cunt
5. Parallelatuesday
improv night
6. Tom Holliston
w/ Linda McKae
7. Mad Dash
cd release
8. The Neins
Norfolk Western
The Graves
9. Honey Wale
Vaquer Demons
Chris Lee
Will Kimberough
10. Eric Violet
Art opening
11. Cunt
12. Parallelatuesday
13. travelling video
show
14. Synthetic Folk
Hiro w/ Winks
15. Rabnett 5
16. Mount Erie
(Microphones)
Piano
Piano Moreau
17. Mount Erie
Thanksgiving
Olden Days
18. Cunt
19. Parallelatuesday
20. King Jupiter Jazz
21. The Murder
22. Continuous
Peasant w/
David P. Smith
23. Clay George
24. Scott Main
art opening
25. Cunt
26. Parallelatuesday
27. Stefan Smulowitz
w/ Viviane Houle
28. The Plates
t guests
29. Lascil, Strategy,
Randy Jones

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mystery takeout box

Gluttony is a Deadly Sin

Earlier this year I became a vegan on a whim, and exactly six months later another impulse decision was made to call it quits. During the course of our short-lived affair, I repeatedly browsed the internet for pictures of dairy-rich and meaty dishes and compulsively dreamt of doughnuts. I was fraught with the regret and shame of infidelity. Since then, my relationship with veganism proved to be a short love with a long divorce; I still can't look at a cube of tofu without a pang of guilt.

AirlineMeals.net

[http://airlinemeals.net/] Much unlike Edward Norton's character in *Fight Club*, I find the best part of traveling by air is the food: the single-serving entrée, single-serving dessert, and so forth. People of AirlineMeals.net seem to share my sentiment. Sort of.

A quick scroll through the comments and photos was enough to tell me that these people take their food seriously. A little too seriously. Growing up, I didn't dare complain about food because a heavy lecture about

the starving children in North Korea would inevitably follow. Restaurants, take note: I'm the food critic of your dreams. With that said, everyone's a critic on this site—so much scrutiny, so many complaints. I'd imagine



they are the type of people who send back dishes at a restaurant because the pasta is slightly overcooked. The type of people who make a big fuss over the texture of potato chips. The type I don't understand. I have never met an in-flight meal I didn't like. In fact, the best crème caramel I've ever had was on an airplane—and in the economy section at that. Of course, not all ratings were negative. The comments from the first class flyers were generous at times. They better not complain, or I'll launch my mom at 'em.

All this dissection and scoring remind me of beauty pageants, or that awfully decadent

website, hotatmat.com where men and women are routinely ridiculed and graded based on their physical appearance. In particular, the "Meal of the Month" thread on the forum conjured up some uncomfortable memories of high school popularity contests. All right, I admit food-criticism isn't nearly as vain as shows like America's Next Top Model. Then again, food isn't meant to be nitpicked—it's meant to be eaten. Just ask the children in North Korea.



Packetpig.com

[http://packetpig.com/] It's a doodle, it's a journal. She draws what she eats on her PDA (see above pictures) with side-running comments about her day. Weird. I wish I'd come up with this first. • <mysterytakeoutbox@yahoo.com>

luke meat's musical satori

a kick in the head

Desperate Bicycles Remorse Code (Refill)

When I was 12 years old, I was in a shitty theatre production of "Gypsy" in Red Deer, Alberta, during which I met a guy named Cliff Long. I looked up to him a lot because he was older and knew lots of really funny jokes. One time he made me laugh so hard I pissed my pants in his car. I'll never forgive myself for that. However, previous to that embarrassment, he loaned me a third generation taped copy of an album, which to this day I have never seen, or even held in its original form: Remorse Code by the Desperate Bicycles. Cliff said he bought it when he was having a competition with a friend to see who could find the weirdest band name (his friend's choice: *The Cramps' Bad Music for Bad People*). Remorse Code has become my white whale of record collecting, catching as much as \$80 US on eBay. I tried to research this group, but to no avail—not even allmusic.com could help with my query. The only thing I could turn to was the Bible: *The Trouser Press Record Guide*, which

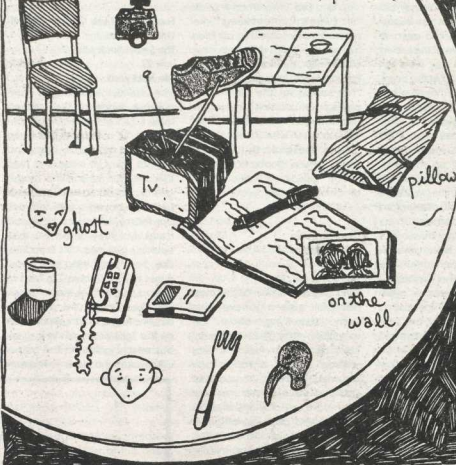
describes them as a "post-punk *Chocolate Watch Band*"—but that still doesn't do these cats justice. As far as I know, they are a three-piece whose guitarist is named (get this) Dan Electro. How cool is that? They put out a handful of singles, one EP—*New Cross New Cross*—and only the one full-length album. They do sound of the neo-psych British garage movement along with *The Soft Boys*, but their sound is more delicately innocent and *He bought it when he was having a competition to see who could find the weirdest band name*

definitely more humbale. The album opens with "I am Nine", featuring lyrics such as "I was nine and I was feeling fine/but somebody told me I'd be ten next time." I was instantly hooked at the bass line of "A Can of Lemonade", which also contained the delightfully juvenile line, "it didn't cure his thrills/it made it worse/I made him burp" with an actual belching sound. The solid vocal overbuds of "Sarcastic" still raise the hairs on my back: "Pretty Little Analyze" contains the best "lo-la" back-ups to this day, and

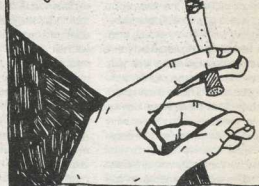
the tape loops that surround "Acting" sound positively timeless. The social commentary on self-improvement in "Trendy Feelings"—"Time heals, but who needs a vanishing cure?" is about ten years ahead of its time. The slow and dreamy "Blasting Radio" ends the record with the optimism of better things to come from this seminal band, but alas, the Desperate Bicycles vanished into obscurity. Despite digital file sharing, I can find Remorse Code on vinyl. I can promise you one thing: If that day ever comes, I will lose my bladder control ten times worse than the time Cliff Long told me his series of "dead baby" jokes. •

Kick around august 2003
scott malin.

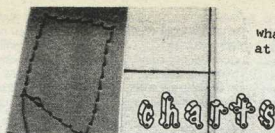
Here's an overview of the scene (headquarters)



Meanwhile the routine begins...



more to COME...



what's being played
at C1TR 101.9 FM

August Long Vinyl

- | | | |
|----------------------|------------------------|------------------|
| 1 Frog Eyes | Golden River | Global Symphonic |
| 2 Superfriendz | Love Energy | Outside |
| 3 Senor Coconut | Fiesta Songs | Emperor Norton |
| 4 Broken Social... | You Forgot It In... | Paper Bag |
| 5 Von Zippers | Crime Is Now! | Estrus |
| 6 The Gossip | Movement | Kill Rock Stars |
| 7 Hidden Cameras | Smell Of Our Own | Rough Trade |
| 8 S.T.R.E.E.T.S. | Bo Bo Gnar Gnar | Global Symphonic |
| 9 U-Ziq | Bilious Paths | Planet Mu |
| 10 Locust | Plague Soundscapes | Anti |
| 11 Nina Nastasia | Run to Ruin | Touch and Go |
| 12 Planet Smashers | Mighty | Stomp |
| 13 Kraftwerk | Tour de France '03 | Astralwerks |
| 14 Melt Banana | Cell Scape | A-Zap |
| 15 Los Furijs | s/t | Surrender |
| 16 Animal Collective | Here Comes the Indian | Paw Tracks |
| 17 Ill | Me and Giuliani... | Touch and Go |
| 18 Grandaddy | Sunday | V2 |
| 19 Ox | Dust Bowl Revival | Independent |
| 20 McEnroe | Disenfranchised | Peanuts & Corn |
| 21 White Stripes | Elephant | V2 |
| 22 Polysics | Neu | Asian Man |
| 23 Von Bondies | Raw & Rare | Dim Mak |
| 24 Manitoba | Up In Flames | Domino |
| 25 Enon | In This City | Touch And Go |
| 26 Tim Hecker | Radio Amor | Mille Plateaux |
| 27 Yeah Yeah Yeahs | Fever To Tell | Interscope |
| 28 Goldfrapp | Black Cherry | Mute |
| 29 Buttless Chaps | Experiments | Lonesome Cowboy |
| 30 N. Pornographers | Electric Version | Mint |
| 31 Moneen | Are We Really Happy... | Smallman |
| 32 Cuts | 2 Over Ten | Birdman |
| 33 Radiohead | Hail To The Thief | EMI |
| 34 V. Village People | Repent | IMMUTUR2 |
| 35 Four Tet | Rounds | Domino |

August Short Vinyl

- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------------|
| 1 Charming Snakes | s/t |
| 2 alUnARED | ELCTRK! |
| 3 Tyde | Go Ask Yer Dad |
| 4 Microphones | Lanterns/Antlers |
| 5 Hidden Cameras | Play "Ban Marriage" |
| 6 Papa M | Orange World |
| 7 Zombie IV | Zombie |
| 8 v/a | Gossip/Erase Errata |
| 9 v/a | Dear Nora/Mates of... |
| 10 Earlimart | Burning The Cow |
| 11 KRMTX | Ice Hatchets |
| 12 Channels 3 & 4 | s/t |
| 13 Starlight Mints | Brass Digger |
| 14 Silk Flowers | s/t |
| 15 Lost Vegas | Neo Psych |
| 16 Omega Cinco | Triton |
| 17 Ronson | Family Switchblade |
| 18 Doughboys | La Majeure 1987 |
| 19 v/a | Electro Group |
| 20 Pepe Deluxe | Salami Fever |

August Charts 20 Years Ago

- | | |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1 Yello | You Gotta Say Yes |
| 2 Talking Heads | Speaking In Tongues |
| 3 Violent Femmes | Violent Femmes |
| 4 King Sunny Ade | Synchro-System |
| 5 New Order | Power Corruption & Lies |
| 6 Malcolm McLaren | Ruck Rock |
| 7 Creatures | Feat |
| 8 Aztec Camera | High Land, Hard Rain |
| 9 Southern Death Cult | Southern Death Cult |
| 10 Danielle Dax | Pop-Eyes |
| 11 Go-Betweens | Before Hollywood |
| 12 General Saint | Stop That Train |
| 13 R.E.M. | Murmur |
| 14 Hunters & Collectors | Hunters & Collectors |
| 15 Clock DVA | Advantage |
| 16 Tones On Tail | Burning Skies EP |
| 17 True West | True West |
| 18 Bob Marley | Confrontation |
| 19 Pete Shelley | XL1 |
| 20 Herald Nix | One Night Only |

HOW THE CHARTS WORK

The monthly charts are compiled based on the number of times a CD/LP ("long vinyl"), 7" ("short vinyl"), or demo tape/CD ("indie home jobs") on C1TR's playlist was played by our DJs during the previous month (i.e., "August" charts reflect airplay over July). Weekly charts can be received via email. Send mail to "majordomo@unixg.ubc.ca" with the command: "subscribe citr-charts." •

Local Music Directory

Our annual directory chock full of contact numbers and addresses of bands and the people and businesses that support them, will be in the September issue. The deadline for entries is

August 15

Send your vital statistics in by fax or email:

604.822.9364

discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca

CIRCLE ONE

band/musician promoter record label/distributor

venue manager studio zine other

name: _____

description (15 words or less): _____

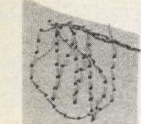
contact: _____

address: _____

phone: _____

email: _____

url: _____



your guide to
CITR 101.9 FM

on the dial

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC 9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Ears open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW 12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE 3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowshit-caught-in-yeer-boots country.

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), '60s soundtrack and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM 6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA 8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCEDANCE 10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al.

THE SHOW 12:00AM-2:00AM

FILL-IN 2:00AM-6:00AM

MONDAY

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS 8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-skers, James and Peter, offer a savory blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM

Local Mike and Local Dave bring you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

TANTEN IN A-ECK alt. 11:00AM-1:00PM

Hopefully happy music to get us through these rough summer months. Proof that Germans make more than scary industrial music, too.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE 3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement. <sa@boxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS 4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CITR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

FILL-IN 5:00PM-6:00PM

CRASH THE POSE alt. 6:00PM-7:30PM

Hardcore/punk as fuck from beyond the grave.

SOLARIZATION (on hiatus) alt. 6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS alt. 6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albini, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO 7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selesia Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW 9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest-running prime time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-suave Gavin Walker. Features at 11:

Aug 4: The first great soloist in jazz was Louis Armstrong. We honour his birthday tonight by playing one of his finest albums. Louis Armstrong plays the music of W.C. Handy.

Aug 11: "Cannonball Takes Charge!" is one of the great alto saxophonist's very best. Julian Addley in a quartet setting with the magnificent pianist Wynton Kelly and others.

Aug 18: "Up With It!" is the latest concert album with pianist Keith Jarrett, bassist Gary Peacock, and drum master Jack DeJohnette. Nothing more need be said except don't miss this one!

Aug 25: Tonight we celebrate the birthday of saxophone giant Wayne Shorter (he's 70 today) with Gavin's favourite Shorter record, *Etcetera*.

VENGEANCE IS MINE 12:00AM-3:00AM

Hosted by Trevor. It's punk rock, baby! Gone from the charts but not from our hearts—thank fucking Christ.

PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES 3:00AM-6:00AM

DJ Christopher Schmidt also hosts *Organik* at Club 23 (23 West Cordova) every Friday.

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN' 6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music, and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES 8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM 9:30AM-10:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Here is the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll. Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal. <bonnieash@bhamail.com>

THE NORTHERN WISH alt. 11:30AM-1:00PM

FILL-IN 11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL alt. 12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

BEARUP KOHIN 1:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING 2:00PM-3:00PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE alt. 3:00PM-4:30PM

ELECTRIC AVENUES alt. 3:30PM-4:30PM

Last Tuesday of every month, hosted by The Richmond Society For Community Living. A variety music and spoken word program with a focus on people with special needs and disabilities.

THE MEAT-EATING VEGAN 4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE 5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD 6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emo! Keepin' it real since 1989, yo, flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO 8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM alt. 10:00PM-12:00AM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy. Host: DJ Satyricon.

Aug 5: Pounding System: dub-wise and otherwise.

Aug 19: Church of Hell: Mars Attacks!

<DJSatyricon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES 12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-7:00AM

THE SUBURBAN JUNGLE 7:00AM-9:00AM

Bringing you an entertaining

and eclectic mix of new and old music live from the Jungle Room with your irreverent hosts Jack Velvet and Nick the Greek. R&B, disco, techno, soundtracks, Americana, Latin jazz, news, and gossip. A real gem!

<suburbanjungle@channel88.com>

FOOL'S PARADISE 9:00AM-10:00AM

Japanese music and talk.

EXQUISITE CORPSE 10:00AM-11:30AM

ANOIZE 11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat Industries and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE alt. 1:00PM-2:00PM

FOR THE RECORD alt. 1:00PM-2:00PM

THE DIM SUM SHOW alt. 2:00PM-3:00PM

The theatre is not a no theme! Kai and Claire push around trolleys of all-pop, alt-country, Canadian indie, electroclash, and other delicious morsels.

MOTORDADDY alt. 3:00PM-5:00PM

RUMBLESTONE RADIO alt. 3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

RACHEL'S SONG 3:30PM-4:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too.

<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY alt. 9:00PM-10:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY alt. 6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schlong to, hosted by Coreen.

JUCEBOY 8:00PM-9:00PM

Your ears have never felt so naughty!

FOLK OASIS 9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Join a mirage!

<folkoasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR 11:00PM-12:00AM

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM 2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS 8:00AM-10:00AM

PLANET LOVETRON 10:00AM-11:30AM

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder; Robert Robot drops electric past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkman-ship. <botlove@yahoo.com>

FILL-IN 11:30AM-1:00PM

STEVE AND MIKE 1:00PM-2:00PM

Crashing the boy's club in the pit. Hard and fast, heavy and

slow (punk and hardcore).

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW 2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

LYTHES AND REASONS 3:00PM-5:00PM

LEGALLY HIP alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY alt. 5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velourita! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you will need and even cruise around while doing it!

<www.bikesexual.org>

OUT FOR KICKS 6:00PM-7:30PM

No Birkenstocks, nothing politically correct. We don't get paid so you're damn right we have fun with it. Hosted by Chris B.

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR 7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<ripitup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL 9:00PM-11:00PM

Local muzak from 9 till 10. Live bands from 10 till 11.

<www.stefanahall.com/tbirdhell>

WORLD HEAT 11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dory!ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>

WIRELESS CREEPLY 1:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAYS

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED 8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-IK DRIVE! 10:00AM-12:00AM

Email requests to: <djska_18@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS 12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crate diggers DJ Avi Shack and Promo mix the underground hip hop, old school classics, and original breaks.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW 2:00PM-3:30PM

The best mix of music, news, sports, and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

NARDWAPLE THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS... 3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS 5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you.

"Become the Media." To get involved, visit www.citr.ca and click "News Dept."

FAR EAST SIDE SOUNDS alt. 6:00PM-9:00PM

AFRICAN RHYTHMS alt. 6:00PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa, and African music from around the world.

HOMEBASS 9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES alt. 12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE alt. 12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL 2:00AM-4:00AM

Dark, sinister music of all genres to soothe the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

SATURDAY

FILL-IN 6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE 8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar, and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION 12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary.

<www.streepunkradio.com>

POWERCHORD 1:00PM-2:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show: local, demo tapes, imports, and other rarities.

Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaan, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE 3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods della low-down side to urban hard pants, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy, and Paul.

ELECTROLUX HOUR 5:00PM-6:00PM

SOUL TREE 6:00PM-9:00PM

From doo-wop to hip hop, from the electric to the eclectic, host Michael Ingram goes beyond the call of gospel and takes soul music to the right degree.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH 9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS 11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Halcach and various guest performers/DJs.

Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody ones-thee then!

<http://plutonia.org>

EARWAX 1:00AM-4:00AM

"noiz trekk mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distro da source full force with needz on wax/my chaos run rampant when I free da jazz." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP 4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.



SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

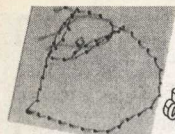
THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6AM	7	8	9	10	11	12PM	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12AM	1	2	3	4	5	6	
REGGAE LINKUP	FILL-IN	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS	PACIFIC PICKIN'	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE	FILL-IN	END OF THE WORLD NEWS	FILL-IN	CAUGHT IN THE RED	FILL-IN	THE SATURDAY EDGE	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	CAUGHT IN THE RED	SKAT'S SCENIC DRIVE	THESE ARE THE BREAKS	GENERATION ANNIHILATION	POWERCHORD	CODE BLUE	ELECTROLUX HOUR	SOUL TREE	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS	EARWAX	REGGAE LINKUP
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
ROCKERS SHOW	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	Rb	
QUEER FM	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	Tk	
RHYTHMS/INDIA	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	Wk	
TRANCE DANCE	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	Dc	
THE SHOW	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	Hh	
FILL-IN	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
VENGEANCE IS MINE!	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	
PSYCHEDELIC AIRWAVES	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	Dc/Ec	
AURAL TENTACLES	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	Hk	
WIRELESS CRUELTY	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
THE VAMPIRE'S BALL	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
EARWAX	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	Ec	
REGGAE LINKUP	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	Rg	

C! = conscious and funky • C+ = children's • Dc = dance/electronic • Ec = eclectic • Ex = experimental • Fr = french language • Gi = goth/industrial • Hc = hardcore • Hh = hip hop
 Hk = Hans Kloss • Ki = Kids • Jz = jazz • Ln = live music • Lo = lounge • M+ = metal • No = noise • Nw = Nardwuar • Po = pop • Pu = punk
 Rg = reggae • Rr = rock • Rb = roots • Sk = ska • Sp = soul • Sp+ = sports • Tk = talk • Wb = world



datebook

SUBMISSIONS TO DATEBOOK ARE FREE.
FOR THE SEPTEMBER ISSUE, THE DEADLINE
IS AUG 20. FAX SHOW, FILM, EVENT
AND VENUE LISTINGS TO
604.822.9364 OR EMAIL
<DISCORDER@CLUB.AMS.UBC.CA>

NEW FORMS FESTIVAL

July 30-Aug 2
@ various venues

JERK WITH A BOMB

Radio Berlin
Aug 1
@ Pat's Pub

RETROGRADE

The Flairs
Couterize
Aug 1
@ The Royal

AIKO SHIMADA

Aug 2
@ Sugar Refinery

BUG HOUSE 5

Aug 2
@ Railway Club

THE WAY OUT

Jets Overhead
The Feminists
Aug 2
@ The Royal

VEDA HILLE

Aiko Shimada
piano
Aug 3
@ Railway Club

DESTROYER

Frog Eyes
Joel RL Phelps
Aug 6
@ Richard's

PETE MILLS

The Cinch
Zigmund
Aug 7
@ The Royal



OUT ON SCREEN'S VANCOUVER QUEER FILM AND VIDEO

FESTIVAL kicks off their 15th anniversary with *The Wizard of Oz: Sing-A-Long* gala. Think costumes, drag, and—best of all—prizes. (7 pm, Aug 7 @ Capital 6.) I've been waiting for this festival all year, so you can imagine the intensity of my excitement. And while you waste your time hem hawing about which film to see, I'll steal your seat and laugh my most devious laugh. If you don't want this to happen to you, get the pass and see 'em all. The festival runs from Aug 7-17 at various locations. <www.outonscreen.com>

ROCK AGAINST

PRISONS

featuring Shelley Lennox, Stuart Stonechild, Chrystos, Kathleen Yearwood, LOUD, and more
Aug 8
@ WISE Hall

THE NEINS

The Graves
Aug 8
@ Sugar Refinery

LOS FURIOS

The Skatomatics
Aug 9
@ Railway Club

THE HIGH DIALS

Flying Dutchmen
Orchid Highway
Norton Niels & the Evil Band
Aug 9
@ Pic Pub

ERIC VOLET art opening

Aug 10
@ Sugar Refinery

UNDER THE VOLCANO

featuring Proud Mary, Barleywik, Leonard George & Children of Takaya, Brigue K, Senwa Fik & Cyrus Sharpsour, Eekwal 1, David Hillard, Black Panther Fugitives, Blackfire, DJ Highstrung, Infernal Noise Brigade, Black Rice, Deadsure, Squamish Nation Eaglesong Dancers, Stuart Stonechild, Kathleen Yearwood, Macklemore, Abyssinian Creole, Sinag Bayan, and Threat from Outer Space
Aug 10
@ Cafes Park

BOCEPHUS KING

Aug 10
@ Railway Club

PAUL KELLY

Aug 12
@ The Royal

DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS

Aug 12
@ Richard's

TRAVELLING VIDEO SHOW

Aug 13
@ Sugar Refinery

CORB LUND

Uncas Old Boys
Aug 13
@ Railway Club

CORB LUND

Kent McAllister
Aug 14
@ Railway Club

SUMMERFEST 2003

featuring Los Furiros
Aug 15
@ Thunderbird Plaza

MICROPHONES

piano
Pirate Migou

Aug 16

@ Sugar Refinery

MICROPHONES

Thanksgiving
Oldendays
Aug 17
@ Sugar Refinery

ALL AGES HARDCORE

Blue Monday, In Your Face, the Answer, and Chuck Norris
Aug 17
Undying, End This Week With Knives, Misery Signals, Savannah, and Hope
Against
Aug 25
@ Snackerz

NASTY ON

The Cinch
Speed to Kill
and more
Aug 17
@ Wardorf Hotel

BONNIE 'PRINCE' BILLY

Aug 17
@ Arts Club Theatre

THE BOUNCING SOULS

Hot Water Music
The Forgotten
Worthless United
Aug 24
@ Richard's

SCOTT MALIN art opening

Aug 24
@ Sugar Refinery

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE

57 bands. Three days of sweaty boys and naked girls. Hmmmm... They've got beer? Thank God. It's gonna be a hootenanny!
Aug 29-Sept 1

CAROLYN MARK

Meat Purveyors
Aug 29
@ Railway Club

LOSCIL

Strategy
Randy Jones
Aug 29
@ Sugar Refinery

EDDIE IZZARD

Aug 29-30
@ Vogue

REM

Wilco
Aug 29
@ Thunderbird Stadium

RADIOHEAD AND STEPHEN MALKMUS & THE JICKS

I thought I had dreamt this combo. Then I woke up and realized it was indeed a dream. Who knew I have psychic capabilities. Excuse me while I set up a 900 number.
Aug 30
@ Thunderbird Stadium

places to be

active pass records	324 w. hastings	604.646.2411
bassix records	217 w. hastings	604.689.7734
beatstreet records	3-712 robson	604.683.3344
black swan records	3209 w. broadway	604.734.2828
cellar	3611 west broadway	604.738.1959
club 23	23 west cordova	
commodore ballroom	868 granville	604.739.4550
crosstown music	518 west pender	604.683.8774
futuristic flavour	1020 granville	604.681.1766
highlife records	1317 commercial	604.251.6964
legion of van	300 west pender	
lotus hotel	455 abbott	
the main café	4210 main	604.709.8555
orpheum theatre	smith@seymour	604.665.3050
pacific cinémathèque	1131 howe	604.688.8202
pat's pub	403 east hastings	604.255.4301
pic pub	620 west pender	604.669.1556
railway club	579 dunsmuir	604.681.1625
richard's on richards	1036 richards	604.687.6794
ridge cinema	3131 arbutus	604.738.6311
red cat records	4305 main	604.708.9422
royal	1029 granville	
scrape records	17 west broadway	604.877.1676
scratch records	726 richards	604.687.6355
sonar	66 water	604.683.6695
sugar refinery	1115 granville	604.331.1184
teenage ramapage	19 w. broadway	604.675.9227
vancouver playhouse	hamilton@dunsmuir	604.665.3050
video in studios	1965 main	604.872.8337
western front	303 east 8th	604.876.9343
WISE club	1882 adanac	604.254.5858
yale	1300 granville	604.681.9253
zulu records	1972 west 4th	604.738.3232

604 Clothing Co. and Coors Light present...

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE

www.domesticdisturbance.ca

57 Bands

3 Days and Nights

Beer Gardens and Camping

Labour Day Long Weekend

August 29 - September 1

You're invited to the biggest PARTY of the summer! This ain't no family festival, Domestic Disturbance 2003 is a three day music festival showcasing Vancouver's BEST bands. 12 hours of live music everyday plus contests, games and a ton of prizes!

Mystery Headliner

3 Inches of Blood

God Awakens Petrified

Christ Complex

Aggression Core

Meatlocker Seven

Fuel Injected 45

Los Furios

Star Collector

Catapult

The Bolsheviks

The Burn Project

The Rye Catchers

Kids These Days

The Rascalz

Brougham Camp

Pepper Sands

New Plastic Society

Cyanotic

Mr. Underhill

Ten Ways From Sunday

Gladys Patches

DJ Pluskratch, DJ G-Nius,
OSC, Usual Suspects, Chena Finess

Inspid

Absence

Wrekin Crew

Motion Soundtrack

Sam

Exithiside

Adrienne Pierce

Perfect Strangers

Complete

Trap Shadow

Playboys of The Western World

Painted Self

Honey Box

Closure

The Spitfires

Honey Suckle Serontina

Retrograde

Spread Eagle

Bosephus King

Day Theory

Married To Music

Mass Undergoe

The Gung Hos

China Town

The Stag Reels

Substance

Billy The Kid and The Lost Boys

Faces of Eve

Unsung

Kan

JoyKamp

The Gomers

Crop Circle

The Way Out

Girth

Black Sunlight



Just off Hwy 1 at the Vedder Rd. exit in Chilliwack. Entrance to property located on Yale and Par Rd. More info at www.domesticdisturbance.ca

Get your tickets at Ticketmaster (604) 280-4444 or online at www.ticketmaster.ca



DISCORDER
magazine

LOCALBANDS.CA
SUPPORTING VANCOUVER MUSICIANS



VIOV
604 CLOTHING CO
www.604clothingco.com

greenhouse

AUGUST AND EVERMORE ZULU'S SUMMER SOUNDS POSTCARD

MICHAEL YONKERS BAND Microminiature Love CD



A mysterious new branch has grown from the trunk of the "early-outside primitive music" tree. Curious? Sub Pop describes MICHAEL YONKERS' music in this way: "the cave-man primitivism of the Triggs, Truitts and Gadd - the use of the top fuzz and feedback of 11 Head Her Gals My Name" by the Veleths - the visceral howls of the Seeds or Sonics - MICHAEL's own home-made amps, pedals, and guitars - the twisted lyrics of Barrett or Erikson - a true psychedelic masterpiece." Indeed, in fact, Sub Pop likes MICHAEL's music so much they pulled it out, saved from 1988-era obscurity. Could this be quality feelings after releasing their fair share of '90s pop revival records? Who can tell — and who really cares? What we do know for sure is that this is pretty cool stuff. Thanks Sub Pop, keep up the good work.

CD 16.98

UNKLE

Big Brother is Watching 2CD

James Lovell has friends (or is it enemies?) in high places. As president of Mo'Wax records, he's helped turn out some of the biggest beat albums of the 1990s. What's more, he brought back DJ Shadow, DJ Rush, DJ Cutback and David Navaro. One would think that free time is at a premium for Mr. Lovell. Think again! As talented as he is, Lovell, Lovell still makes it a habit to get out to the clubs and spin his set — and now thanks to this ultra limited edition (and quasi-official) Mo'Wax 2CD set, you can dig through his crates solo. The rare features all the standards, including DJ Shadow, DJ Rush, and UNKLE, but also DMX, Queens of the Stone Age, Mercury Rev, Fenne, Hula, Peace Division, Rattahand, Florentine Mac and more. It seems to have some kind of political message, too, something about not trusting government. Go figure.

2CD 26.98

IN STOCKING:

CALICO — AND MORE AGAIN COEP
POLYSCS — NEW CD
KEVIN BLECHOD — Bitches Without Bitches CD
AFK — Smoghouse 12" COEP
THE HACKER — Melodies Are Sous-Sol CD
VA — SURVIVE AND ADVANCE VOL 3 CD
POSTAL SERVICE — The District Speaks Alone
Tonight 12" CD
KIDSS — The Illness 12" COEP
3MI — Many in High Places Are Not Well 2LP
JAMES WHITE AND THE BLACKS-Off White
180g LP
CONTRIBUTORS — Boy 180g LP

TICKET GIVEAWAY:

Zulu Presents... The Modern Troubadour!!
Enter to win tickets to
DESTROYER solo performance!
August 6th at Richards on Richards
and

BONNIE PRINCE BILLY

August 17th at Arts Club Theatre

CANNED HAMM Karazma Reimagined CD

Is it possible? Is it necessary? A resounding YES to both, friends. Knowing that a good joke needs to be told over and over and over before it surpasses merely humorous and moves on to truth and then becomes humorous all over again, CANNED HAMM's outrageous Karazma is Reimagined by a host of "today's top artists," including The New Pornographers, Destroyer, Hardy Day, Billy Carr, Carolyn Mark and many equally talented others. But so much more than a comedy-rap record, Reimagined has an important life-redemptive message to impart to us all: Love and treasure yourself for who you are and always reach for the stars. Sniff... thanks guys. You who say the right thing, even when you get others to say it for you. Recommended.

CD 12.98

NORIKO TUIJKO

From Tokyo to Nagalaga CD

Oh man — this is one CD everyone should buy. NO REALLY, come get it. Imagine a Japanese Björk except with half as much stuff in the mix, more spare guitars and minimal beats and squawks and fuzz and buzz and, yes, Japanese cool, real cool, and a bit CANT power, sure. To our opinion amounts to anything in the hallowed (but tarnished) halls of the music biz (and of course it does, wait large, although we don't want to look-look our ever-growing reputation), we'd make NORIKO TUIJKO a huge star, Madonna size. Of course, there is no justice in the world. We just can't count on the MAN, so named by the "bottom line." Thus, it's up to the grassroots to make a difference — and this means you and us! Your patronage will send the necessary signal: make her a star, MAKE HER A STAR! It's that good.

CD 19.98

SUPER FURRY

ANIMALS

Phantom Power CD

Now with six gloriously lush pop records to their instantly recognizable name, Wiles' favorite sons (Tom Jones) is by now more of a father figure. SUPER FURRY ANIMALS return with another stellar set of mid-low ballads. The perfect record to take through a noisily without lapsing into the turgid inertia of generic '60s tinged Beatlemania. Phantom Power effortlessly climaxes with light touches of the so-called mature instruments: pedal steel, piano and acoustic guitars. Standouts include "Golden Retriever," "Venus & Serena" and "Bleed Forever," conjuring up a dark folk vibe perfect for opium den crawls (or for safe domestic consumption, too). We recommend!

CD 16.98

Various

OPEN UP AND SAY... @4/4/4 CD

Check this shit out. 24 tucked up and banging tracks of C-Tripbeat-style vocal numbers, featuring 80 long minutes worth of The Rip Off Artist, The Bug, DJ rupture, Coma, Dwayne Sodaheiser, k14606, Max Tundra, Stars as Eyes, Numbers, Electric Company, Crack, Kitehandchop, Cee, Total Stundation, Zeigebob, Capt. Tiramisu 11, Original Hammer, Nathan Michael, Hedge and Dwayne Sodaheiser on one damn CD. Wow! Awesome! Even Tiberius calls this the "definitive Tripbeat release of 2003," and they're right. Let's face it, you can't get enough of this stuff — and we sure love to sell it to you! And did you notice the crazy low price? Dude! Makes for a great gift... just not for your neighbors.

CD 8.98



SOFT CANYON Broken Spirit, I Will Mend Your Wings CD

It's sunrise at the golden temple of electrified boogie rock. You've camped out and dragged up, meditating on the beauty of Qalcheah Messenger Service, but the maiden of the cancer moon hasn't showed up yet. Magically, the first rays of the life-giving fibreglass pierce through the miasma, just as the opening chords of Canada's first bonafide body rock giants, SOFT CANYON, begin their late summery harries of psychotropic fuzz. Featuring members of Tricky Wee and Local Rabbits, this 5 piece should please any fan currently digging the sweet leaf crop of Dead Meadow, Acid Mothers Temple and The Warlocks — and also contains the trajectory of the final Tricky Wee opus Les Salles Magique! So, if you are looking for a landing spot in the current revivalist haze of '80s inspired psychedelic pop, we've got the perfect SOFT CANYON you!

CD 16.98

SEÑOR COCONUT

Fiesta Songs CD

Germany and Spain are basically like the same country from the point of view of the average North American record store clerk and customer. We just can't tell. It's OVER THERE, right? Shrewdly, SEÑOR COCONUT has capitalized on this curious shortcoming of geographic know-how, producing Germanic-Spanish electronic pop for some time, such as his you-must-hear-it-to-believe-it-and-yet-it's-more-than-an-ordinary reinterpretation of Kraftwerk, El Balle Aleman. This time, however, Señor Coconut and his robot orchestra are taking on the homeland, covering such North American hits as "Smoke on the Water," "Riders on the Storm" and yes, "Beat It," plus a few originals for extra measure. Good grief! So, forget that pirate captain ram, SEÑOR COCONUT is the real one-man trans-global party maker!

CD 16.98

HOLLY GOLIGHTLY

Truly She is None Other CO/LP

With a real cameo on the most recent White Stripes album, Elephant, maybe HOLLY GOLIGHTLY's time for true fame has finally come. Way cooler than her music biz newbie hosts, she's got the kind of deep coolness that Jack and Meg can only hope to achieve with time (although props to them for the props to her). Maybe one important difference is that she seems so genuinely real, even though like Billy Childish, her former svenager, her shick is a bit record store kitsch: as Pitchforkmedia.com describes it, GOLIGHTLY's repertoire consists of "Languid juke-joint blues, department-store calico country, smoky old rhythm and blues and guitar rock'n'roll." But frankly, this is no problem. GOLIGHTLY makes it real and viable, as though it was fresh like new. As the title says, Truly She is None Other, or, in other words, a singular talent. Indeed.

CO/LP 19.98

PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL AUGUST 31, 2003

INDIE ROCK SOUNDTRACKS

Perhaps it is inevitable that our indie darlings have started to produce music for films. And not just as part of the soundtrack, like some Sundance-type film on the cheap. We mean full-on Ennio Morricone action — the whole thing, from credits to credits. Like what Belle and Sebastian or Shudder to Think — you get the idea. Also, maybe this is yet another illustration of the aging of the indie rock foundation, no longer fit for basement suite living. Nevertheless, it's high time some good music was made specifically for films. Bring on end to those shallow and bogus soundtrack compilations that sit on store shelves for years after the equally shallow and bogus films have bombed — you know who you are! Check the difference quality makes.

O.S.T.

Hell House Soundtrack by Bubba and Matthew Kadane CD

The brothers Kadane, famous for the amazing Redhead and The New Year, team up to score this captivating and disturbing documentary about fundamentalist Christians in Texas going to rather graphic ends to scare out of kids, or is it vice versa? No matter what — and man those crazy hackers scare the shit out of us without all the make up and sets — it's fun! And the soundtrack is great, too: subtly spooky and Texas-like, if you follow. You must own this, you SINNER!

CD 14.98

MORE BOOKS TO READ

Like you, we at Zulu are prodigious readers. Music magazines, advice columns, cereal boxes, you name it — we just can't stop reading. We love it! That's why we've dipped into the literary scene (dipped our writing pen, get it?) and started to push the reading along every day. And lo! It's a natural fit. It's like this: we understand that your needs and dreams are very much like ours. Thus, by following our intuition, we end up supporting everyone! Want to be as smart as this, check out these great books to read, 'cause reading is so good.

SUNNY AND

THE HOOTENANNY

Book and CD 14.98

If only we could all have days like this: wake up, call on your friends, make music and then go to bed. Ah, the good life. Sounds pretty good, eh? Well guess what, this charming (and well-designed) kid's book about a little guy named Sunny chronicles exactly this kind of perfect day he gets up, visits his pals, has a hootenanny and then goes home to sleep. You see! Man, Sunny's got it all worked out! Helping make this fantasy become reality for us, Sunny and the Hootenanny comes with a great CD compilation full of songs right for kids as much as our older people, featuring music by Dan Destroyer, Lucy and Paul from Young and Sassy, Pans, Veda Hille, The Secret Three, The Dept., Mike Hoffman and Cowbell and the kids of Bill Napier-Henry's Fraser Academy music class. Sorry Raffi, but parents will love this as much as kids. And check out the equally charming kid's book Waddy, now also at Zulu — your friendly family record store (and you thought the Pong was for you).

NUMBER ONE FAN

Book 9.98

Number One Fan is the latest project from local indie publishers Smashers Media, the people who brought you Bill Brown's Saugus to the Sea — a superb first novel illustrated by Stay as You are creator Brad Yang. This latest project is an anthology of essays, fiction, artwork and more, all meditating on the phenomenon of fandom. It includes contributions from Kevin Sweeney, Jim Munroe, Cassandra Claire and Doretta Lau, as well as a cross-section portrait of James Spader and a reprinting of the nerdiest thing on the Internet. Over 100 pages of text and illustrations in a deluxe handmade hardcover volume — no two the same! See below left for book launch details.



ZULU LIVE EVENTS:

NEW FORMS AT ZULU Some of the artists visiting this year's New Forms Festival stop by for a live Power Point presentation, SUNDAY AUGUST 3RD, MID AFTERNOON

ZULU GALLERY DRAWING SHOW: Eli Bornowsky: "Color costs too much and why record store clerks are such..." OPENS AUGUST 9TH

NUMBER ONE FAN BOOK LAUNCH Featuring readings Smash Cookie publishing's fancy new hardbound anthology plus fandom-related live music, FRIDAY AUGUST 15TH, 6PM.



Zulu Records

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STORE HOURS

Mon to Wed	10:30-7:00
Thurs and Fri	10:30-9:00
Sat	9:30-6:30
Sun	12:00-6:00